


# JEFFERSON

## MONTHLY



**A musical pilgrimage**

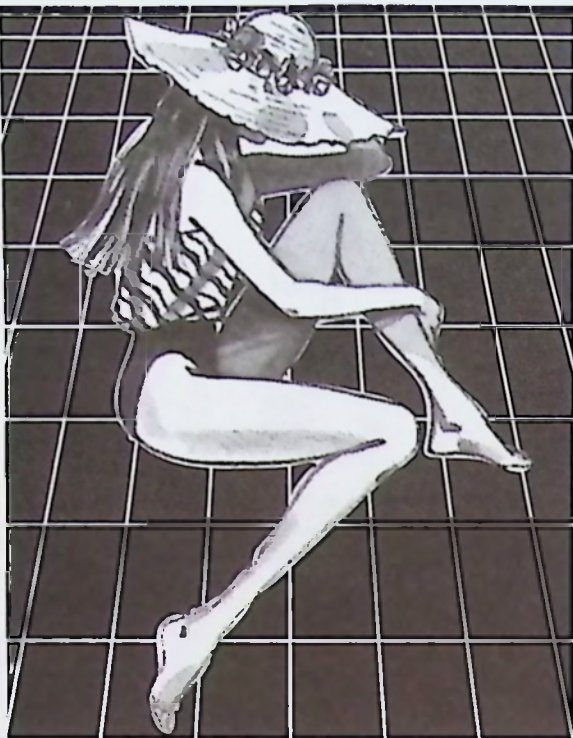
**Tell your  
teen to take  
a hike**

**Darwin of  
the woods**

**In search of  
Marion Ady**

**Dear old  
golden-rule  
days**





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The Jefferson Monthly is published 12 times a year for the members of the Jefferson Public Radio Listeners Guild by Courier Publishing Co., P.O. Box 1468, Grants Pass, OR 97526.

Editor: Stephen Baily. Managing editor: Barbara Baily. Associate editor: Mike Kotlan. Poetry editors: Vince and Patty Wixon. Arts Scene

editor: Michele Smirl. Cover painting: Barbara Baily. Advertising director: Elaine Conwell-Isenhower (503-664-7000). We buy short fiction and articles on public affairs and the arts. For guidelines, or with proposals for articles, call 503-664-5665 or 503-474-3816. Entire contents copyright © 1993 by Courier Publishing Co.





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## The third deadly sin

Dr. Douglas Kelly was a psychiatrist on the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley. He was a nationally known expert in criminology and had served as a consultant to police departments across the country. Following World War II, he was also appointed court psychiatrist at the Nuremberg war-crimes trials, and published articles about his experiences in national magazines.

I came to know this fascinating, down-to-earth man while planning to produce a television special on mental health.

One warm summer day, he invited me to meet with him in the comfortable book-lined den of his Spanish-style home tucked into the Berkeley hills. From the window, I could see a tennis

court among the trees below and, as we sat down to talk, he pointed to a small glass case fixed to the wall, and casually explained to me that the capsules displayed in it contained cyanide, and that Hermann Goering, commandant of the Luftwaffe and the number-two Nazi after Hitler, had hidden a capsule of exactly this sort in his mouth and used it to kill himself during the Nuremberg trials.

We then went on to the subject of mental health, and how people cope with life's stresses and strains, some successfully and others less so.

As Dr. Kelly talked, I found myself envying the air of success he exuded.

"This man really has it made," I thought. "He's so sure of himself."

After the meeting, he introduced me to his wife and children in their gracious living room and, as I drove home to my own wife and family, envy continued to gnaw at me.

The TV series never did get off the ground. I talked with Dr. Kelly from time to time, but it just didn't happen. But I couldn't help it — I kept on thinking how much he'd done with his

life, compared to what I'd done with mine.

Not long afterwards, I had a shock that profoundly influenced the rest of my life. One morning in late November, I opened the *Chronicle* and read that, on the day before — Thanksgiving — Dr. Kelly had broken open the glass case in his den, taken the cyanide capsules out, swallowed them and, staggering to the top of the short flight of steps leading to the living room, fallen down them dead at the feet of his horrified family.

On reading this, I broke out in a cold sweat. This was the man I'd envied. Either I had to pick somebody better to envy — or give up envy altogether.

Since then, I've needed no reminder that, no matter how ideal someone else's life may seem, hell may be churning under the surface. So much for envy!

Bob Davy  
Talent

*The editors welcome letters from readers. Address all correspondence to: Jefferson Monthly, P.O. Box 1468, Grants Pass, OR 97526. Fax: 503-474-3814.*

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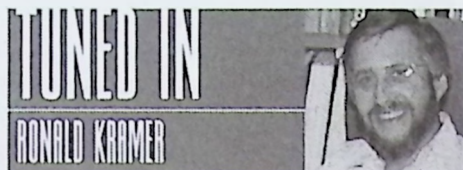
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## Reflections on a generous act

**T**HE OTHER DAY, someone sent us a check for a large amount, without any explanation.

Naturally, we were surprised, and very grateful, because such contributions make it easier for us to provide a service in which we strongly believe. But we were also left wondering precisely what the donor had in mind, and whether there was any particular aspect of our operations he was hoping to benefit.

For various reasons, it wasn't feasible for us to inquire more closely into his intentions, but his generosity got me thinking — as such generosity invariably does — back to my introduction to this part of the world, nearly 20 years ago.

When I first came to Ashland, in 1974, I did so as a consultant to Southern Oregon State College (then Southern Oregon College), which was at the time trying to decide whether to abandon or keep a tiny radio station.

I'd never lived in a small town, and hadn't the slightest intention of remaining beyond the period of my consultancy. But, in the course of designing a plan for public radio for the college, I found myself captivated by the project and the region.

People really wanted public-radio service here, and a lot of individuals put themselves on the line for it, including college presidents, deans, community leaders, state legislators, private citizens, business people, students, volunteers, and broadcast professionals.

Some of these people gave money. Some contributed work. And others happened to be in the right place at the right time to render us a vital service. And, though these volunteers certainly didn't all have the same vision for public radio, what they had in common was a deep belief in the importance of access to it for small communities like ours.

Some communities take libraries, education, good music, and public broadcasting for granted, but people didn't seem to feel that way here. Far from assuming that public radio would be available, they knew they'd have to work, sometimes quite hard, to make it happen. And they also knew that, though it might be possible in big cities to overlook a few potential elements of support for public radio without suffering much for it, in our small community every opportunity counted and had to be capitalized on, if we were to survive.

All this was brought back to me, as I say, by the generous gift we recently received, without a clue as to the donor's motivation. Was this check his way of endorsing the concept of public radio? Or was he showing his appreciation for past performance, or hoping to smooth the way for work yet to be done?

**F**RANKLY, WE'LL never know the specific message he intended to send. But, to me, that message clearly is that this continues to be a community in which individuals who believe in public radio make a tremendous difference. Nor do these indispensable individuals simply provide us with support that's essential if we're to carry on in the face of always-lean economic conditions. In the final analysis, their most important contribution is that they remind us we're all part of a long tradition of commitment to the preservation of a service that's enriched, and will continue to enrich, the life of our community.

Ronald Kramer is Jefferson Public Radio's director of broadcasting.

*To me, the message is that this continues to be a community in which individuals who believe in public radio truly make a tremendous difference*



WORDS

WEN SMITH



## Heard any good television lately?

**T**ABLOID TELEVISION and I very seldom turn each other on, so I've never watched a Geraldo Rivera show all the way to the end. He's the sort of guy you can see through in the first minute. But one of his lines caught my ear the other night as I was flipping past his channel.

Geraldo was waxing sympathetic toward an unfortunate woman who had gone through some terrifying experience or other and, on hearing him say, "She was sucked into it by the cruel hand of fate," I flicked back to his channel again. I was willing to invest a few minutes if I had a chance to see fate's cruel hand suck something in. It's the sort of thing hands very seldom do. The thought reminded me of an old army buddy who said the fickle finger of fate was always staring him straight in the eye.

It's natural to be fascinated by hands that suck and fingers that look you in the eye. It's a lot more interesting than the med-school version of anatomy.

Television's pictures are mostly unexciting, but its language is full of riveting images like the staring finger and the sucking hand.

During the Rodney King furor, I heard one commentator declare that "the long arm of the law kicked King right in the face." I don't know which of the arresting officers had the kicking arm.

Again, on a dramatic show, I heard one character denounce another's attitudes, saying, "She's been brainwashed with a lot of garbage." Garbage isn't a standard detergent, but I suppose what the writer meant was some sort of hogwash.

In another drama, one character complained he couldn't join the gang for lunch. "I'm drowning in a mountain of work," he said. I had a contrasting mental picture of him climbing the deep blue sea.

One of those public-television



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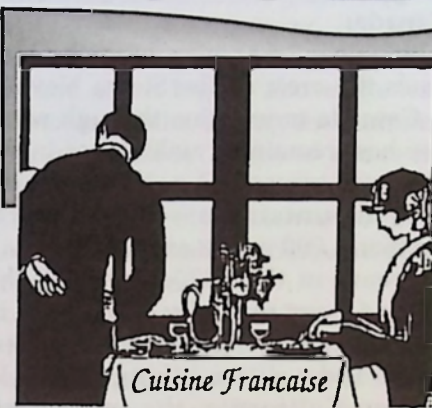
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documentaries about World War II also gave me an image worth remembering. The narrator declared that "the submarine service was flying high in those days." It brought to mind a cross between a U-boat and a U-2 spy-plane.

**You learn  
about  
wonderful  
things  
on TV —  
flying  
submarines,  
snakes with  
feet, fingers  
that stare,  
hands that  
suck, arms  
that kick,  
and goats  
that bark**

The televangelists are a rich source of strange images, too.

One Sunday morning during a sermon about the evil serpent of paradise, I caught a preacher's idea of animal evolution.

"Being a deceptive creature," the minister said, "the serpent hoodwinked Eve by putting his best foot forward."

That one was worth dram-

atizing on screen. It'd have been astonishing to see that serpent's best foot.

**F**LIPPING CHANNELS on another evening, I heard more about the strange menagerie that inhabits the minds of television writers. In a hotel barroom, a young woman sat nursing a drink. A distinguished gentleman took the stool beside her and suggested she join him for dinner.

"You old goat," she said. "You're barking up the wrong tree."

Television has a world of wonders to offer, even if you close your eyes and just listen to the language. You learn about flying submarines, snakes with feet, fingers that stare, hands that suck, arms that kick, and goats that bark — though the young woman sitting at the bar didn't look much like the kind of tree a goat would bark for.

Well, okay, I'll admit we didn't really get a good look at her limbs.

Wen Smith's *Speaking of Words* is heard on the *Jefferson Daily* every Monday afternoon, and on *KSOR's First Concert* Saturdays at 10 a.m.



## Tell your teenager to take a hike

**I**T WAS ONE of those brief footnotes in the daily news. The Pacific Crest Trail is finally complete. After nearly five decades of work, the Trail now spans the West Coast from Mexico to Canada.

A little over 2,600 miles long, the Trail follows the crest of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains through some of the best remaining wilderness in the country. It crosses 24 national forests and 57 mountain passes, and skirts more than 1,000 ponds and lakes.

A dream in the 1920s, by 1928 the Trail had been virtually completed in Washington and Oregon by the Forest Service and private hiking clubs. In northern California, the same partnership built the 211-mile John Muir Trail high in the Sierra Nevada. Private-timberland owners and ranchers in southern California were inhospitable, though, so it took decades of negotiations to buy rights-of-way through their holdings.

When I first moved to Oregon from Cleveland, in 1965, I was invited to join the Trails Club of Oregon, a group of people who set out to travel the Pacific Crest Trail section by section on weekends, reserving the more distant sections for vacations. This was my unforgettable introduction to the high country of the Pacific northwest. But the real challenge today is enjoyed by the growing band of hardy through-trekkers who begin hiking the Trail in Campo, Calif., and arrive in Maning Park in Canada three or four months later, helped along the way by dozens of guide books.

Most of us will see the Trail only a section at a time in our leisure hours, but in a world of concrete high-rises, asphalt freeways, gangs, drugs, and drive-by shootings, the Trail still offers a near-primitive adventure for the adult who can make the time for it, or the teenager with time on his hands.

"There's nothing to do!" remains the

plaintive wail of a generation of teens, but what they're really saying is: "What are you doing to entertain me now?" Between too many classrooms and television screens, our society aggressively creates a passive culture for this age group. With the exception of the extroverts who play music and start their own bands, or those who excel on the athletic field or at the computer, the teenage generation is losing its ability to entertain itself. And when kids do come up with an active form of self-expression, such as skateboarding, it's likely to impinge on adult space and to have to be aggressively contained. Indeed, if the sociologists are to be believed, gangs have become fashionable because they supply a necessary form of youthful recognition and a coming-of-age ritual our society no longer provides.

**O**NE OF MY few regrets in life is that I moved to the northwest only as an adult, when personal responsibilities made it all but impossible for me to make the summer-long trek on the Pacific Crest Trail. Another regret of mine is for the young people who don't yet have adult responsibilities and are unaware of the value of the Trail as a rite of passage. Extended camping trips with family and friends during the early teenage years should hone camping skills and personal maturity to the point where a solo trek over the length of the Trail is a reasonable possibility by the middle or late teens.

Books like Colin Fletcher's *Thousand Mile Summer* and *The Man Who Walked Through Time* will provide inspiration and motivation. How-to guides to hiking the Trail are also published nearly every year, but become obsolete quickly. The newest ones can be found in better bookstores all over the west.

Sections of the Trail have been moved several times during the course of its construction.

Though the Trail originally connected the choicest lakes, views, and camping spots, it now stays close to the timberline, with spurs to the best lakes and campsites to minimize human impact.

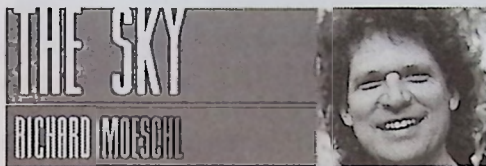
Older maps and guidebooks are therefore pleasant curiosities for those interested in history but as obsolete as the bough-bed and the canvas pup tent



for the purposes of the serious contemporary hiker.

There are lots of private schools and special programs for "troubled" and "restless" young people. These schools are uniformly expensive, however. True, a summer on the Pacific Crest Trail isn't cheap either, but it costs less than correcting kids who make bad choices. A summer on the Trail offers a physical challenge and the sense of accomplishment many young people need to mature. It could be a constructive, life-changing experience for a teenager you know.

Russell Sadler's **Oregon Outlook** is heard Monday through Friday on Jefferson Public Radio's **Morning News** and on the **Jefferson Daily**.



## Blame Persephone

**T**WICE A YEAR, on March 21 and Sept. 23, the calendar announces the arrival of the equinox.

As the name implies, on the equinox, day and night are of equal length, and the sun rises due east at about six in the morning and sets due west at about six o'clock in the evening.

Seen from the earth, the sun appears to pass every year in front of the same 12 constellations — the zodiac. The sun spends roughly a month in front of each of these constellations and, at the time of the equinox in September, it passes in front of the constellation Virgo, the maiden.

Lying due south of the handle of the Big Dipper, Virgo is depicted as a woman holding a spike of grain, and the story of Virgo is connected with the story of Demeter, the Greek goddess of agriculture, and her daughter, Persephone.

It seems that Pluto, the god of the underworld, one day carried Persephone away to his subterranean kingdom and, while Demeter searched in vain for her daughter, the earth was neglected and failed to yield the fruits of the harvest. People, fearing for their

lives, pleaded with Zeus to intercede, but Zeus determined that, since Persephone had eaten six pomegranate seeds while she was in the underworld, she'd have to remain there six months out of every year. And so, during the autumn and winter, while Persephone is in the underworld, the earth lies barren. In the spring and summer, though, she returns to her mother, and the earth rejoices in abundant plant life.

**T**HE SUN doesn't always rise exactly in the east and set exactly in the west. You can confirm this by observing its position at noon at different times of the year. Right now, at the autumn equinox, it's midway above the horizon, but, in the summer, it was much higher above the horizon at noon. Again, during the summer, the sun rose and set north of where it rises and sets now, whereas, in the winter, it'll appear much lower above the horizon, and will also rise and set south of east and west.

To understand what causes the change in the sun's relationship to the horizon, think of the earth's equator and the path of the sun as two great circles that intersect at two points. Or think of two rings, with one inside the other. The inner ring is the equator projected out into space, and the outer ring is the path of the sun.

Keep in mind that the earth is tilted, so, if you tilt the inner ring slightly, part of it will be above and part of it below the outer ring. The two rings will cross one another in two places, and these intersections are the positions of the equinox.

When the path of the sun — the outer ring, in our example — takes it north above the equator, we in the northern hemisphere have summer, the time when Persephone is on earth with her mother. When its path takes the sun south below the equator, we in the northern hemisphere have winter, the time when Persephone is under the earth with Pluto.

Right now, we're at one of the two points in the earth's orbit at which the circles of the equator and the sun's apparent path intersect. In a word, get out a sweater. It's autumn.

Richard Moeschl hosts the **Milky Way Starlight Theater**, heard on Jefferson Public Radio's **Rhythm and News** and **News and Information** services.

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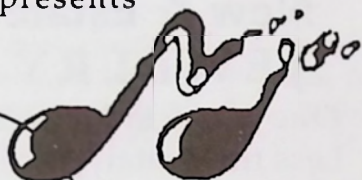
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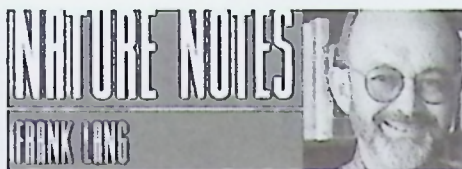
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## Why things glow in the dark

**A** NUMBER OF different plants and animals *luminesce* — or, in plain English, glow in the dark.

The glow is usually the result of complex chemical reactions involving oxygen, enzymes called luciferases, substrates called luciferins, and adenosine triphosphate, or ATP, as an energy source.

The names of the substrates and their enzymes come from the Latin word *lucifer*, meaning, not Old Nick, but “light-bearing” — though you’re likelier to think of Lucifer with a capital L the first time you see the ghostly glow of rotting wood in the dark.

The best-known luminescent organisms are, of course, fireflies.

Neither fire nor flies, these beetles are common in the hot and sticky parts of the U.S., but less frequently found in the drier west.

Though no heat of the sort that can be measured by a thermometer is produced by the glow of luminescent creatures, in the case of fireflies it wouldn’t be stretching things to say that heat of the passionate variety is generated, because their twinkling glow is meant to attract a mate.

If you want to see bioluminescence and don’t want to travel east in search of fireflies, try the ocean or the forest.

In the ocean and in salt-water embayments like Puget Sound, phytoplankton called dinoflagellates glow in the dark when agitated by the action of waves or the passing of a boat.

My first childhood experience with

luciferin was on a warm, dark, windless night on Budd Inlet near Olympia, Wash.

I was sitting in the stern of a boat my father was rowing, when the wake turned luminescent and glowing whirlpools from the oar-strokes marked our progress home.

Years later, when I first came to Southern Oregon State College to teach, I needed live specimens of kelp for demonstrations in my plant-morphology class. It was in the fall, and the lowest tides were after dark, so, in boots and with a lantern and a bucket, I

walked out on the kelp beds just after sunset, keeping one eye on the kelp and the other on the sea.

When my bucket was full, I no longer needed the lantern to retrace my path home across the kelp beds. This was because every

*At Boy Scout camp,  
we’d peer out between the  
flaps of our tent  
to watch the eerie glow  
of fungal mycelia  
in the damp wood  
of downed rotting conifer  
logs. It’s a spooky sight,  
for kids of any age*

footprint I’d left glowed with phosphorescent brightness and I could find my way with ease.

**A**S FOR the forest, in it you’ll encounter the so-called fox fire, which is caused by a wood-rotting fungus.

It’s the fine strands, or mycelia, of this fungus that glow in the dark when they penetrate the damp wood and/or its fruiting body, the mushroom.

Two of our local mushrooms, the Jack O’Lantern and the Honey mushroom, glow in the dark when alive and well. If they’re too dry, however, there’s no luminescence, no matter how dark it gets.

At Boy Scout camp, we’d peer out between the flaps of our tent to watch the eerie glow of fungal mycelia in the damp wood of downed rotting conifer logs. It’s a spooky sight, for kids of any age.

Dr. Frank Lang’s *Nature Notes* can be heard Fridays on the *Jefferson Daily* and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR’s *Classics and News Service*.





## Shave and a haircut, por favor

**I**F YOU ALWAYS wanted to know if they use clippers in Spain, here's your chance to find out.

In conjunction with its production in the middle of this month of Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, the **Rogue Opera** is holding a raffle in which the first prize is — you guessed it — a haircut by an Andalusian stylist.



Chris Thompson

In addition to a haircut, the lucky winner will get round-trip airfare for two to Seville and two nights' lodging.

Raffle tickets are \$10 apiece, and the winning ticket will be drawn by Fig-

aro himself at the last performance of the opera.

Even if you're bald, they'll sell you a raffle ticket at the opera office in the SOSOC Music Building. Or you can send a check to: Rogue Opera, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland, OR 97520.

*The Barber of Seville*, set in Spain in the 18th century, is the most-performed opera of all time. The Rogue Opera's production will be in English, with **Lynn Sjolund** as music director and **Chris Thompson** as Figaro. Thompson is flying in specially from London to sing the part. **Suzanne Du Plantis**, who's performed with the Philadelphia Opera Company, will be Rosina, and **James Brown** of the Academy of Vocal Arts will be Count Almaviva.

Performances are scheduled for Sept 16-18 at 8 p.m. All seats are reserved, and tickets are \$20.

For more information, call 552-6400.

**UP THE SANDBOX:** At the Rogue Gallery through Sept. 8, the young at heart can enjoy the work of sculptor **Christian Burchard**.

"At heart I'm a little boy playing in his sandbox," says Burchard, who apprenticed with a furniture-maker in his native West Germany before moving to the U.S., "only I substitute wood and lathe for sand and shovel." He describes his turned-wood vessels as "a slow excavation of my subconscious."

Photographer **Christopher Burkett**, whose work is also on display at the gallery, is a native Oregonian who left a religious order in 1979 to pursue photography. Of his work, Burkett says: "The world untouched and undefiled by man is one of indescribable beauty and wonder. The purpose of the photography presented here is to try to provide a brief, somewhat veiled glimpse into that clear and brilliant world of light and power."

The Rogue Gallery, at 40 S. Bartlett Street in Medford, is open Tuesday through Friday from 10 to 5 and Saturday from 10 to 4.

**GIVING NATURE A HAND:** In March, the **Forestry Action Committee** and the **Illinois Basin Interest Group** sponsored a volunteer tree-planting to

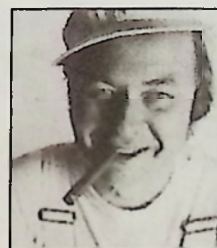
improve riparian areas of the Illinois River and its tributaries.

Formal monitoring of the 27,000 trees planted has now begun, and the two groups say the effort has been so successful they're planning a second go next year.

Naturally, they could use some money, so, if you've got any to spare, send it to: I.V. Tree Planting Fund, c/o Western Bank, P.O. Box N, Cave Junction, OR 97523.

**VIVA MEJICO: El Comite del 15 de Septiembre** will celebrate Mexican Independence Day on Sept. 18-19. The festivities will begin with a parade that forms at Alba Park at 8:45 a.m. and travels east on Main and north on Riverside to Hawthorne Park, where costumed characters will reenact scenes from Mexican history, to the accompaniment of Mexican music. There will also be booths offering Mexican food, games for children, and arts and crafts.

For more information, or to enter the parade or reserve booth space, call Grace Castillo at 779-2222.



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# Darwin of the woods

**Y**OU DON'T need a fence to tell where Orville Camp's tree farm in Selma ends and the adjacent acreage belonging to the U.S. Bureau of Land Management begins.

On Camp's side of the line is the edge of the forest; on the BLM's side, an endless vista of ragged tree stumps.

"They cut all that in '81," Camp says of the government agency. "Then they came back a few years ago and took the rest of the overstory. The remaining trees have pretty well died out since then. They replanted it twice, but what's growing in there now is what nature put there."

To Camp, who's acquired an international reputation by practicing what he calls natural-selection forestry, traditional logging techniques of the sort long favored by federal forest managers are literally spend-thrift.

"You have to look at the forest like principal in a bank," he says. "If you have no principal, you have no interest."

A tour of Camp's property

*Orville Camp under the canopy at his tree farm in Selma*



offers striking visual confirmation that he practices what he preaches. It's a working tree farm, continuously harvested, and yet nowhere do you see the scars or moonscapes associated with conventional logging.

"You never own the forest," Camp says. "You can't even consider that you own any part of it, except what nature has selected for removal. Otherwise, you just start reducing your principal. And that's the reason the timber industry is going out of business."

To forest activists far and wide, Camp is known as the father of sustainable forestry, so it comes as something of a surprise to hear that he originally settled in rural Selma in Josephine County as a would-be subdivider and developer of woodlands.

Curiously enough, it was poison oak that brought him there.

In 1967, a couple of retirees who'd purchased 160 acres on Lake Selmac had no sooner settled on the property than they landed in the hospital with severe rashes that cured them on the spot of the desire for country living. Shortly afterwards, Camp, then in the real-estate business and in Chicago, learned that their property was for sale, and hastened to buy it with the express object of turning it into tract housing, because he "could see where the big money was."

**H**E FOUND the 160 acres, when he arrived, in disastrous condition, strewn with rusted cars and barbed wire.

"The property had been cut of everything marketable just before I purchased it," he says. "It was considered one of the worst pieces of property in Josephine County at the time. There was nothing on it."

Friends who were foresters assured Camp the acreage would never again be any good for growing timber, but something — perhaps the fact that he'd grown up on a portion of it and his

parents had operated a mill on it for a time — made him quickly abandon his visions of subdivisions in favor of a plan to keep the parcel intact. The plan was realized, and over the years the original 160 acres has grown by accretion into what's now Camp's 350-acre forest farm, nestled beneath Little Greyback Mountain.

As for his unusual approach to logging, Camp says it was from Charles Darwin that he got the idea of applying the theory of natural selection to forestry.

"I was watching the forest and the whole ecosystem," he recalls, "and it became obvious to me that, if I chose those trees that were being selected out — that is, that were dying off — all other living things would benefit. This technique wasn't being taught anywhere at the time, so I had to figure

out for myself when I should do the selecting."

By the late '70s, Camp's experiment had attracted so much interest that the extension service of Oregon State

University began taking woodland owners on tours of his farm to encourage them to manage their own properties.

"We weren't logging then," Camp says, "because we didn't have any trees above 12 inches in diameter. We were doing a lot of firewood and poles."

After being named tree farmer of the year

in Josephine and Jackson counties in 1978, Camp went on to compete for recognition at the state level.

"That was a real eye-opener for me," he says, "because the guy they gave the state award to had just clear-cut all his land. They were talking enthusiastically



**Just across Camp's property line is BLM land, home of traditional logging techniques. Harvested in 1981, this site never grew back, despite two replantings.**

**STORY BY KATHLEEN F. DOYLE**

*Known as the father of sustainable forestry, Camp applies Darwin's theory of natural selection to the woods, taking out only timber that's dying off*

**PHOTOS BY ANDY CRIPE**





**'You never own the forest,' Camp says. 'You can't even consider you own part of it, except what nature has selected for removal.' In this view from his tree farm toward Little Greyback Mountain, the stumps are again on BLM land.**

about the volume of timber he'd taken out, and I said to myself, whoa, I'm not interested in wiping out my forest. That was very much an education for me."

In the early '80s, woodland owners around the country who'd begun to hear about Camp's management techniques encouraged him to write about them and, in 1984, he published his first book, *The Forest Farmer's Handbook: A Guide to Natural Selection Management*.

Though the book has been marketed exclusively by word of mouth from Camp's farm, it's now in its fourth printing, and has sold 10,000 copies around the world.

By 1990, Camp's forest farm had become a working model of natural-selection forestry, and Camp founded the Ecoforestry Institute to promote the technique both in the U.S. and abroad. Indeed, soon after I interviewed him, he left for Canada to work on a forest-access system and, after that, he was to go to the Czech Republic to open a branch of the Institute and supervise the translation of his book. The Russians

have also invited him to come as a consultant to Siberia, which is losing ten million acres of forest a year to clear-cutting. Foresters have taken an interest in him in Chile, too.

**W**HAT EXACTLY does the Ecoforestry Institute do? Camp describes it as unique of its kind.

"It's the only operation I know of that's what you might call a turn-key operation," he says. "We go into forestland and design and set up the road system, as well as teach the owner how to select trees for removal. Nobody else that I know of knows how to do this and sustain the system. And if you don't enter the forest right the first time, you've doomed it to starting over."

Camp, who's just finished a second book, tentatively titled *The Ecoforester's Handbook*, defines ecoforestry by contrasting it with conventional logging.

"Traditional forestry is based on agriculture," he says. "You take a plant or animal out of its natural habitat and

grow it. Only, when you do that, you have to provide for its needs and defend it from its enemies.

"Ecoforestry, on the other hand, is based on the idea that you take from nature in such a way that nature continues to provide for the needs of the forest and protects it from its enemies. It's a totally different occupation and concept."

A key tenet of natural-selection forestry is that you never remove the tallest trees in the canopy — the "stronger dominants," as Camp calls them. These trees, he believes, have the best genetic traits, and are the most likely to survive and reproduce.

By contrast, conventional forestry traditionally has removed this overstory, depriving woodlands, in Camp's view, of their genetic base and cutting their productivity by 25%.

Camp's expectations of President Clinton's new timber plan aren't great, despite the fact that the plan specifies sharply reduced harvest levels.

"They're calling on foresters to



revamp things," he points out, "but I don't know any of these people who've really been successful at sustaining a forest or themselves economically. So it's like asking a mechanic to do a heart operation.

"My greatest fear is that the new plan is going to end up wiping out more of the genetic base that we can't replace. We need to retain all of these old-growth stands, because we have so few left and so many species on the verge of extinction."

**A**S PART OF its effort to expand its influence, the Ecoforestry Institute has tentatively scheduled a two-day certification program for ecoforesters on Oct. 16-17.

"We're looking for about 20 people, because we want to train teachers," Camp says. "It's easy to teach people to select trees for removal from the forest.

"The real challenge," he adds, "lies in the design of road systems. We scale roads down and design them for the forest, rather than the other way around. We put in a ten-foot-wide road, because we don't want to have any more road than we absolutely have to. The roads we put in are contoured to the land, so they impact the forest much less ecologically, and they can be designed to make it more economical to harvest on an ongoing basis.

"We don't specify what equipment people need to use. We just say that, if you're going to harvest this [dying] timber and get it out to the roadway where it can be trucked out, you can't do any damage to the forest."

When trees are removed from land on the advice of teachers certified by the Institute, the products removed from the land will in turn be permitted to carry the Institute's certification. Camp says this will give consumers the opportunity to support forest practices they believe in every

time they purchase lumber. Those interested in taking the Institute's certification class in Portland should call 503-231-0576.

**C**AMP SEES little point in the current rush by small-woodland owners to wipe out their forests while timber prices are high.

"What most people don't realize is that in Oregon we're basically out of business where private forestry is concerned. The counties have allowed private forestlands to be chopped up into five-, ten-, and 20-acre parcels, so there are very few owners now who have viable lots. We don't find that parcels are viable till they're up around a couple of hundred acres, and we probably don't have more than 150 owners in Josephine County that are really viable operations. The same is true of Jackson County."

Why the counties' rush to subdivide?

Camp calls it "government by calculator."

"They do it to raise taxes," he says. "Forestland is taxed on its ability to grow products, but it's a whole different story if you buy five acres for \$40,000 to build a home. The politicians prefer the latter, because it puts a lot of money in their coffers. But what they don't realize is that we're all going broke as a result. Any society's real wealth is based on its natural resources.

"We don't have the right sense of values in our society," he continues. "Here in the Rogue Valley, we're at the very forefront of resource liquidation. If Josephine County had the forest resources of just 20 years ago, it'd probably be the richest county on the west coast today."

*'If Josephine County had the forest resources of just 20 years ago, it'd probably be the richest county on the west coast today.'*

*'It's easy to teach people to select trees for removal from the forest. The real challenge lies in the design of road systems.'*

Camp believes the biggest impact of sustainable forestry will eventually be on public-land policy and, for the past three years, he's been working on what's called the Stella Peak Project with a coalition of environmentalists, foresters, and timber-industry and government representatives. The focus of the project is a 2,200-acre test site near Union Creek, in the Rogue River National Forest.

"Many people," he says, "think we should devote the whole 2,200 acres to a study of natural-selection forestry, instead of dividing it up among all the old practices that haven't worked and, in the process, fragmenting the forest. This is a wild and scenic area on the Rogue, and you can't address the esthetic values better with any other system of logging."

**F**INALLY, CAMP is sympathetic to local working people who've suffered from the decline of the timber industry, but he doesn't let his sympathy interfere with his sense of reality.

"If you're talking about cutting timber today just to save a mill," he says, "that's a bad idea. That's what got us into this situation in the first place.

"We have to save the forest first. But I believe that, if they implemented natural-selection forestry across the landscape here — if we could go in just the way we do with private owners — we could sustain every mill that's here.

"We've taken land that nobody wants to touch, and people are surviving off it. If we could do the same with public lands, we could probably sustain all the mills, but the government agencies would have to give us the freedom to do it the way we saw fit."



# How to eat out on the road — and live to tell about it

**T**HE FIRST THING most people do when they enter a strange restaurant is look at the menu.

Not me. I look at the rest room, before I even sit down at a table.

We live in a day when reports of restaurant-linked outbreaks of *Escherichia coli* and hepatitis A are commonplace, and state health inspectors I've talked to have told me you can learn a lot about the kitchen in a restaurant from its rest room — that, if the latter is dirty, the former is likely to be dirty, too. Moreover, in most cases, a restaurant's food-handlers will themselves use its rest rooms. So I always check first to see if a rest room is clean, if its septic system is working properly, and if there's hot water, soap, and adequate provision for drying one's hands. For the latter purpose, I don't entirely trust hot-air blowers either. Because heat and moisture are conducive to the growth of bacteria, a German chemist has raised questions about the sanitary value of such devices, from which people often walk away with their hands still damp. Hands must be promptly and completely dried, this chemist says, if the spread of disease is to be avoided.

In July, in Grants Pass, a woman who got sick after eating mayonnaise contaminated with *Escherichia coli* sued a restaurant chain for \$20,000. Various strains of *E. coli*, most often transmitted in inadequately cooked meat and seafood, can cause urinary-tract infections, peritonitis, endocarditis, and severe gastroenteritis.

Not so long ago, too, in Jackson County, thousands of people had to be vaccinated after they were exposed to



***Jackson County public-health nurse Karen Bain giving a shot in 1988 to one of thousands of people who were exposed to hepatitis A at two fast-food restaurants in Medford. Dirty hands spread the virus.***

hepatitis A at two fast-food outlets. Hepatitis A, a virus spread mainly by fecally contaminated food, causes inflammation of the liver. Around 70,000 cases of Hepatitis A and 100 deaths from the virus are reported in the U.S. every year. And at especially high risk are travelers, who of necessity eat frequently in restaurants.

Which isn't to suggest that the

average restaurant can be hazardous to your health, only that sensible people will exercise caution in choosing where they dine, especially on the road.

In Oregon, food-service inspectors with the Department of Agriculture — registered sanitarians who are usually microbiologists — are responsible for licensing restaurants and conducting inspections of them twice a year. By



law, the inspectors, who appear unannounced, are required to determine that a restaurant's food supply is sound, that foods are prepared properly, that food-handlers are free of infection and hygienic in their practices, and that premises are clean, sanitary, and vermin-free.

Similar inspections are conducted in all 50 states, which is reassuring, particularly when you consider that, according to the AAA and the Travel Industry Association, 232 million Americans will travel 100 miles or more away from home this summer, mostly by car, and that the average family of four spends \$99 a day at restaurants while on the road.

**I**N 1948, WHEN I FIRST drove with my family across the U.S., there were far fewer restaurants catering to motorists. We mainly kept fed by means of an ice chest and many stops at grocery stores. I remember I was assigned the job of siphoning the melted water from the ice chest with an old rubber hose. I can still taste rubber just thinking about it!

Once, just after I'd siphoned up a mouthful of the nasty-tasting stuff, a passing policeman looked at me suspiciously. Thinking it might be illegal to spit the water out on a city street, I kept it in my mouth and hurried back into the motel room. Besides, spitting in public seemed undignified behavior for a lady, even in desperate circumstances.

Our breakfasts during that trip consisted of fresh fruit and dry cereal in small wax-paper-lined boxes into which milk could be poured. Water was the most convenient drink, though not all available water was palatable. Soda pop was a special treat. And a tuna sandwich was heaven!

Once a day, we'd eat at a drive-in that was part of a national chain. These establishments were reliably clean, and their rest rooms were far superior to those at gas stations. The food they served was also cheap and fresh, and the service was friendly. You could depend on them.

Nowadays, when people travel, they expect more of a restaurant, of course, than a meal. The physically handicapped look for easy access, and non-smokers want a smoke-free

environment. Support groups for specific physical conditions and/or hospitals may provide listings of restaurants that meet your specific needs. Also, the Oregon Lung Association has a list of non-smoking restaurants that's available at many visitors' centers.

In looking for a restaurant on the road, don't hesitate to ask the locals where they prefer to eat. If they look rosy-cheeked, obviously their favorite restaurant isn't killing them.

**O**VER THE YEARS, I've traveled often and far, so I suppose it says a lot for the system of food inspection in the country that I've come down with food poisoning only twice. The first time was at a summertime potluck held outdoors. The second time was from the rice at an Oriental establishment in a shopping-mall food court. That one landed me in the hospital, a fate I'm trying to help you escape.

After determining that the rest room in a strange restaurant is clean, sit down at a table and look carefully around. If a fork is dirty, or a glass cracked, ask the waiter to replace it. Don't settle for wiping a soiled utensil or plate with a napkin.

Next, carefully review the menu. How extensive is the selection? Too many items may mean less-than-fresh food. A good idea is to ask the waiter to tell you the most popular sandwiches, salads, and entrees the restaurant serves, since these items are likely to be freshest. Also, if the daily specials aren't otherwise found on the menu, that could be an indication of fresh purchases. On the other hand, if the specials are from the menu, the manage-

ment could be using up seldom-ordered food on the verge of a ripe old age.

When your order arrives, return hot foods if they're not hot, and cold foods if they're not cold. To put it as bluntly as possible, you're asking for food poisoning if you fail to do this.

And take advantage of any opportunity to comment on a written questionnaire. This is one way restaurant owners can monitor their establishments. It's also not out of order to ask to see a restaurant's rating, which is supposed to be posted in a conspicuous location, and will read either "in compliance" or "not in compliance."

Someone I know once ate in a restaurant where, when a customer complained that a plate was dirty, the waiter took a handkerchief out of his back pocket, spat on it, and meticulously wiped off the stain. When the customer refused to accept the plate back, the waiter challenged him to step outside!

I don't know if that restaurant is still in business, but, if it is, let's meet for dinner someplace else.

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# In search of Marion Ady

**A**BOUT 15 YEARS ago, I began to notice Marion Ady's name at award ceremonies and commencements at Southern Oregon State College. During spare moments on such occasions, I often find myself browsing through the programs for names I recognize — indeed, these programs sometimes seem to me as pregnant with secrets as ancient parchments, with the many names in them clues to lives at which one can only dimly guess — and though at the time Marion's was no more to me than a name attached to a scholarship, it had a nice ring to it, and I soon became curious to know more about her.

In my early years at the College, in the mid-1960s, I heard no tales about Marion from old-timers on the faculty. Probably this was because I was part of a group of young radical professors with little time for story-telling. There was the war in Vietnam to agonize over. There were protests to mount, counterculture movements to take seriously, teach-ins to attend, and the relevance of education to political reality to ponder. There were even classes to teach. And so I didn't stop to think then — though it's clear to me now — that the stories I did chance to hear were almost always about faculty members whose behavior was either outrageous or obnoxious. I heard little about those who were remembered more quietly, and for better reasons.

In short, I was slow in learning about Marion Ady, who retired in 1964. And because I never met her and what I eventually learned has come from the



**Marion Ady in 1947, 20 years after she started the art department at what was then Southern Oregon Normal School and is now SOSOC.**

accounts of friends and former students whose hearts were engaged by the actual Marion, the portrait I sketch here will of necessity be secondhand. Still, it's a portrait well worth attempting, for its model was a remarkable woman.

When my search for Marion began, I was mainly curious about her as a person, but, as I began poking about, it became clear that learning about her would also involve learning more about the College, about Ashland and Oregon, about the place of art in rural western America, and about what was expected of a woman artist and teacher in the early part of this century.

Our story begins in 1909, when the

state Legislature closed Southern Oregon Normal School, despite the efforts of Ashland's citizens to raise money for faculty salaries. SONS stayed closed for 16 years, till, in 1925, the Legislature changed its mind and allocated \$175,000 to reestablish it on 24 acres donated by the city. One grand building was erected, and Julius Churchill, a former state superintendent of public instruction, was appointed president. The College's doors reopened on June 21, 1926 — and Marion Ady was there.

For Americans, there's romance in fresh beginnings, in setting the stamp of their character on a new enterprise. So I find it easy to imagine the then-28-year-old Marion standing in her best clothes on the raw ground, with a bleak expanse stretching from Siskiyou Boulevard south to a building rising in abrupt isolation. There couldn't have been many trees back then, for there were few even when I arrived, 40 years later.

**T**HIS IS THE picture of her that most appeals to me — Marion as a young woman, an intellectual and esthetic pioneer, standing on fresh ground, striding into new territory, leading students, and creating an art program for a new college. It's probably because I'm a teacher myself that this image attracts me more than another that's more likely to capture public attention at the exhibit on Marion's life set to open this month — a photo of a young Marion taking dancing lessons with a young Fred Astaire. In my mind,



far less glory shimmers from that slight fact than radiates from 37 years of devoted teaching and service. Lee Mulling, emeritus professor of speech and a devoted friend and admirer of Marion's, uses an apt quotation to suggest the essence of her character: "Whoever kindles the fire of learning must himself glow." Marion glowed.

Whatever Marion's early hopes and dreams, she'd have found few like-minded faculty members to share them with. The fact is, she was an art department of one, tucked away in the northeast corner of Churchill Hall. But her presence there meant much. A colleague of mine who knew her maintains, rightly, I believe, that we owe a great debt to women like Marion who quietly stepped forward to nurture art at a time when it enjoyed little support. Let's not forget that the Oregon of 40 and 50 years ago wasn't exactly a place where art prospered. There were no galleries, and only schoolchildren drew and painted. It must have been lonely for Marion.

**I**N THE 1930s, the country suffered through the Great Depression, and southern Oregon suffered along with it. An irony was that enrollments at SONS went up in those days, because, as Marjorie O'Hara notes in her *Ashland: The First 130 Years*, going to college was one thing a person out of work could do. During those difficult times, Marion made it a practice to leave her purse unattended — a signal to poverty-stricken students that they were welcome to informal loans that needn't necessarily be paid back. All who knew her agree she had a remarkably generous nature.

Angus Bowmer, who founded the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in 1935, joined SONS in 1931, to teach speech and writing. The College's population consisted then of just 13 faculty members and 250 students. Marion's talents quickly attracted Bowmer's attention, and she played roles in College plays, beginning as Audrey in Bowmer's 1932 production of *As You Like It*. Later, she was a member of the technical staff during the Shakespeare Festival's first season, and later still, she charmed audiences with memorable performances in annual faculty shows. In 1947, for example, this large woman with a larger heart brought down the

house with her rendition of Gilbert and Sullivan's "I'm Called Little Buttercup." And she did it again four years later with an unforgettable rendering of "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend." Indeed, one of Marion's friends maintains that Marion was better in the role than Carol Channing.

Marion, it's plain, was an accomplished comedienne with a sure feel for comic possibilities. "Snuffy" Smith, principal of Ashland High School for many years, was once a student in her beginning art class. Snuffy, who admits to having been no great shakes as a painter, remembers the day when a long-suffering Marion proposed a way to end their mutual distress. She'd give him a passing grade, but only if he swore never to put brush to canvas again. He happily agreed to the arrangement, and her eyes twinkled.

**N**OT EVEN former Southern Oregon College president Elmo Stevenson was safe from Marion's good-humored assertiveness. Elmo liked to needle faculty members and, when Marion, who had an MA from Columbia University, finally tired of being reminded by him that she lacked a doctorate, she penned a letter to him, "in the spirit of good clean fun," in which she wrote: "If I'm to be needled frequently and none too subtly about my missing PhD, I feel I should have a chance at rebuttal. The following information was gleaned from art faculties quite at random." Marion then named nine well-known universities and colleges, all of which had teachers of art who'd been promoted to full professor even though they lacked a doctorate. As a matter of fact, some distinguished faculty members had only the BA, and others had no degree at all.

Marion's assertiveness, alas, didn't get her promoted to full professor. Still, turnabout is fair play, and it seems

fitting that a president who habitually put people in their place should himself be put in his own so deftly.

What was Marion like as a person and

a teacher? Testimony from students and colleagues strongly urges the conclusion that she had a loving nature, and inspired love in return. She was refined and cultured. Students, who always attach the most revealing nicknames to their teachers, called her "Lady Ady." She was full of fun, but also a serious

*This is the picture  
of her that appeals  
to me most:  
Marion as a  
young woman, an  
intellectual and  
esthetic pioneer,  
standing on fresh  
ground*

and creative instructor. She managed to be both gracious and plainspoken, courteous and strong-minded, cooperative and independent.

One friend of Marion's remembers her as something of a "character." She drove a white convertible, fed all the quail living among the blackberry bushes on Indiana Street, and had a basenji, an African dog that doesn't bark. She also shared her house with a parakeet that used to startle guests by announcing: "I'm Marion's baby!"

**M**ARY CHRISTLIEBER, former dean of students, vividly recalls the support Marion gave young women faculty members trying to make their way in an academic world then largely male. To counter the exclusion of women from the male faculty's "Bird Watchers, Thanatopsis, and Inside Straight Club," Marion founded and served as president-in-perpetuity of the "Order of the Purple Girdle." In regal fashion, and with a straight face, she oversaw hilarious initiation rites, including a very formal "girdling ceremony" that bore a striking resemblance to the "hooding" of MA and PhD students. Most of all, Mary concludes, "she made us feel so comfortable, so much a part of the group."

Marion, though a talented painter,

*Continued on page 28*



# In medias res: Part of the problem

**H**ILDA IS UP from her chair as Lester's boy begins to pronounce the first letter of the word, as his front teeth touch his lower lip to form the F, and his breath begins the sound. He doesn't shout the word, doesn't even say it loudly, but it fills the room. And then he is gone, the door swinging in the place he had been standing. As Hilda runs through the doorway where he stood, she can smell the burning hay, the hot iron of nails, and the singed hair and flesh of horses. The kitchen is lighted by the rising flames of the distant barn. She pauses long enough at the back door to grab the 30-06 and two full clips from the gun rack. She loads the rifle as she runs out into the night.

She had known something like this would happen someday, known for the last five years. The knowledge has been like an ashen mouse niggling deep in the center of a winter wall, unnoticed except when it flattens down to squeeze and scuffle between tight boards. She has known without putting words or images to the knowledge, known from the depths of her aging, from the ache in her damaged knees which she'd been rubbing with greasy, camphorated liniment just before Lester's boy pushed the swinging kitchen door open and said the word. She'd dropped the small jar of liniment into her apron pocket as she rose, as if to

hide the truth. But the truth is as plain now as the camphor smell that clings in her nostrils even as she runs toward the burning barn, as plain as the steady thump and rattle of the small jar and extra clip in her apron pocket, as plain as a mouse's scuffling in the darkness but as hard to pinpoint exactly because it has been hidden for so long.

She pauses once more near the patch of poppies growing at the edge of the gravel drive leading from the road, wondering why she hadn't heard the horses' screams, why she hadn't noticed the sky change color with the rising flames, and then she runs. Her bad knees slow her, but still she runs.

Lester's boy has vanished from the yard. Hilda realizes as she runs that Lester's boy has always vanished when things have gone wrong. She tried to be a mother to him, tried to be there when he needed her, but he refused to accept her. From the time he was three years old, and his father married her, until now, he has always chosen to turn away, to vanish, in his times of trouble. She could have forgiven him anything if only he'd stayed, could have forgiven his father, but like the hidden mouse of her knowledge, each time he turned, each time he slipped through some dark tight place, the truth got closer.

Hilda can see Lester standing near the corral gate, away from the heat,

standing like a post, the orange glare of the flames reflecting from the sweat on his pale forehead, from his unbuttoned white shirt. Lester's boots are in his hand. Fifteen years I gave you, she thinks, and pushes the gate open without turning to look at Lester's face as she passes him.

Melvin and his son, Charley, are in the middle of the corral looking down at Lady Sheba of the Nile's foal. Melvin is holding a saddle blanket he used to smother the flames. Charley looks up at Hilda as she approaches. He shakes his head, no. The reflection of flames shimmers in his dark, angry eyes. His jaw is clenched, deep furrows of tension crease his forehead. Hilda remembers his face looking up at her when he was a baby, almost twenty-five years before, with the same angry expression because of his inability to do what he wanted, what he needed. What is left of the foal's coat sends up acrid smoke; his legs are stretched out stiffly in shock. Hilda touches the foal's head with the rifle muzzle and pulls the trigger. For a moment there is no crackling of fire, no screaming of horses, no rushing of flame-wind, then the sounds return and with them the wail of the fire-truck sirens.

Hilda wants to believe Lester's boy has called the fire department, but she knows he hasn't. She knows it had been Melvin or Charley who called

BY APRIL KING



before rushing out to save the horses from the burning barn. She begins to turn, to go back and confront Lester, to force the truth into the open, but Melvin's words stop her.

"There's two mares in a bad way." Melvin's voice is loud: loud and calm and focused, rising above the raging of the fire, above the anger in Hilda's shaking muscles, above the throbbing pressure in her throat. There will be time later to sort out the details, time to learn the truth; now there are horses to care for. To care for or destroy.

**A** SURGE OF FLAMES at the barn door rushes forward, out instead of up. As the flames take the shape of a horse, Hilda recognizes the dun stallion, taller, more massive than the mares, Desert Warrior out of Ace of Spades' dam. She knows him even with the streaming cloak of flames surrounding his form. Hilda raises the rifle and takes aim at the stallion's shoulder, knowing she can't hit his head as he runs — knowing there is no way to make this a clean kill. She squeezes the trigger as she hears Lester scream, "No!" then runs to the fallen horse without looking at Lester. She no longer feels the pain in her knees. The stallion is the only thing, in fifteen years of marriage, which Lester bought with his own money. The only thing on the ranch which wasn't paid for by Hilda's first husband, by the insurance from his accident, by the sale of his horses or the work of Melvin and Charley.

Hilda shoots the stallion twice more. How can you care so little about anything, her mind screams at Lester as she continues pulling the trigger after the clip is empty. Thin bright flames rise from the fallen horse: his flesh sizzles. The fire has consumed patches of his hide, penetrated his sleek pale flanks, and begun to feed on the thin layer of fat below his skin. Hilda watches the flames quiver above the twitching death-nerve of the horse's side. Her fine, greying blonde hair begins to singe from the heat of the burning barn. Melvin drags her away, his arm around her

shoulders, as the fire trucks pull up and men begin to reel out hoses.

"Got two mares in a bad way, Hil." Melvin's voice is still loud and focused but insistent now. He directs her steps, guiding her, controlling her. He doesn't try to take the rifle from her as they walk to the arena where he and Charley ran the horses that had made it out of the barn. He knows her too well after all these years, after a lifetime of friendship, knows she will never let anyone do a job she herself hates. Hilda drops the empty clip on the ground as they walk and pulls the second clip from her apron pocket. The small jar of liniment feels light as it bumps rhythmically against her thigh.

A mare is lying near the gate. Hilda doesn't recognize her at first. The white blaze running up the mare's nose has been burned away. The barn's flames dance in reflection along the raw flesh of the mare's side. Sheba's Best Arabian Dance from Desert Warrior. Hilda stops only long enough to shoot the horse, through a gap in the fence, then turns and follows Melvin and Charley through the gate. The hissing of water on flames now mixes with the horses' fear-cries.

"When was she due?" Hilda asks as she looks down at the second mare lying in the mud of the arena.

"Two days ago, Aunt Hil." Charley speaks through his teeth. Hilda can feel the anger in his words grating against her. She wants to turn to him, to apologize, to ask his forgiveness. She remembers again his round baby face, this time looking up at her from the cradle of her arms: the child she never had, his mother, Leila, dying from postpartum infection. Hilda had been thirty then, strong and open to life's joy like a newly harrowed field.

"I'll raise him like he was mine," she'd promised. But the death of her husband later that year and ten years of grief had changed her. Years of cradling another woman's child, of feeling the cold emptiness on her arms and legs when Melvin would lift Charley's warm weight from her lap and take him home after supper.

Years of lying awake in the darkness longing to be held by arms, touched by hands her world had forbidden to her.

The bone of the mare's right shin has broken through the flesh, exposed and shattered: the way Hilda felt after ten years of widowhood, ten years of town gossip, ten years of the empty darkness in her room after her longing. And then she met Lester and they married a month later.

"I don't know how she ran this far." Melvin doesn't look up from the mare as he speaks. The mare's side heaves with a contraction. Their favorite mare, Princess. Just Princess was the name she and Melvin had given her. Melvin dislikes the fancy "paper names" of the horses. He has his own pet names, but this one they made official. Just Princess, a joke between old friends, two words on the long line of the registration papers. Hilda wishes the mare hadn't waited to foal, wishes she'd been impatient with nature, done what she needed to do earlier instead of holding back.

"Can she make it?" Hilda forces herself not to think of the mare's suffering. She is sure the foal will be healthier without being cut from its mother.

"I think so. She's gonna have it any minute."

**H**ILDA LOOKS UP at the dark forms of the horses crowding chaotically against the high steel fence on the opposite side of the arena. There are no small shadows among them. None of the foals have made it safely out of the barn. "Any fresh mares make it out?"

"Stockings got out. She foaled last night."

Last night. Hilda remembers Lester's voice as he talked on the phone in the hall and later the laughter from his son's room, the overheard words, "We're gonna have us some fun tomorrow night." She remembers her stepson's eyes turned away at the breakfast table. She knows too much in that instant, about the call, the girl and a dozen more like her in the past five years, about her own faults. Lester's boy hadn't called the



fire department because he'd been busy driving home the girl he and his father had been with in the barn.

"I'll be right back." Hilda takes a step, then reaches into her apron pocket, turns back, and hands Melvin the small jar of liniment. She wants to laugh, to joke about being prepared, about having the camphorated grease in her pocket for Melvin to rub on Stockings' nose and the new foal's rump to disguise its scent so the mare might accept it, but she can't. She isn't sure if she will ever laugh again.

She steps closer to Charley and reaches out her left hand, touching the knotted muscle of his jaw with two fingers, rubbing gently. She feels the muscles unclench as Charley turns his face and kisses her fingers the way Hilda kissed his, years before, when he would reach up from his crib as she leaned over to pick him up. Hilda drops her hand to her side and walks back to where Lester is still standing near the first gate. The weight of the rifle makes her right arm ache. The image of the small hole in the stallion's shoulder and the flames consuming his flesh comes back to her.

**L**ESTER IS TEN years younger than Hilda. As she walks across the corral her knees begin to hurt again, deep and grating, and she realizes she should have known the years would one day make a difference. There is more that she realizes, that she hadn't wanted to admit, about Lester's feelings towards Melvin and Charley, more that Lester has hidden away too carefully for her to see, that she has helped him to hide, until now. Hilda's eyes narrow as she nears the first gate, as if to make her vision clearer.

Lester hasn't buttoned his shirt as he's stood near the gate. He only half-dressed while fleeing the barn fire, but he remembered his cigarettes. He lights one, then turns as he hears the sound of the gate opening. He begins cursing, venomous curses thrown at Hilda with more malice than she'd thought him capable of and finally the words which almost make her laugh aloud. "You think you're so high and mighty! What's gonna keep me in

your bed now?" He seems ridiculous, a disheveled wind-up toy standing in the mud, swinging his boots wide as he yells.

"Lester, you've hardly been in my bed in five years!" She wonders again if her laughter will ever ring out, if she will ever joke again, if she will ever forgive herself for what she is afraid Melvin and Charley have always known.

"Damn you! He was my stallion!" Lester sounds like a child in the midst of a temper tantrum. "You had no right! No right!"

"Shut up." Her temples throb. For a moment the pain is so sharp she cannot breathe, then it unravels, spreading and thinning.

"He was mine! I paid for him! You and your niggers killed him!"

The tight spring of painful tension breaks through the wall which has protected her from the trapped, unbearable truth she's hidden away. The hidden mouse of her knowledge comes out into the open, obvious now that she sees it. The tension's release fills her with a lightness, as if gravity has vanished, the weight of her life gone. Hilda shoulders the rifle and points it at Lester's face. "I've shot three horses so far, and I've got another I'll have to kill. That's not even counting the ones that died in the fire." She watches Lester's mouth open in mute astonishment. "You mean less to me now than any of 'em ever have, even the old, worthless geldings." Hilda watches her husband's mouth try to form words, but no sound escapes his lips. "I want you and your boy gone by morning." Lester's mouth keeps working at the smoky air caught between his lips. Finally, he turns and walks to the house. He doesn't look back at her.

Hilda watches him, the rifle leveled at his pale form as he limps tenderfooted across the gravel drive. He throws his cigarette onto the ground where the gravel and the poppy bed meet. Hilda stands, aiming at the empty space left behind by her husband as he enters the house. She can see the stub of Lester's cigarette glowing faintly, reflecting on the

poppies' soft leaf-hairs. The lightness she'd felt is gone. She stares with relief into the dark empty place until the sounds of the fire fighters come back to her.

**T**HE SMELL of burning horse flesh and the vision of the dying flames register in her mind.

The muscles of her arms supporting the weight of the rifle feel as though they will give out, and the mouse which had troubled her skitters off, leaving the wall of her thoughts empty. She walks back to the arena. Her steps are labored. Her knees burn deep within as if the barn fire has settled into her bones. She can hear the first high-pitched whinny of the foal as she opens the arena gate and walks toward where the mare lies.

Charley meets her at the gate. "You want me to . . . ?"

"No." Hilda doesn't let him finish his words. He grabs her elbow as she stumbles on a ridge in the muddy ground. "I need to do it." Her words are flat, featureless, as she stops and looks down at Melvin.

Melvin is wiping the chestnut foal dry. The mare tries to rise from the ground in spite of her damaged legs. She nickers softly at her new foal. Hilda is not sure she can lift the rifle, not sure she can finish what she has started. Melvin stands, reaching out and touching Hilda's shoulder, moving his hand down her arm toward the rifle. Hilda remembers her longing and her fear of what others would think.

"I'll take care of her," Melvin says, but the sound of his voice, the feel of his fingertips brushing softly along her arm, the knowledge of what life could have been, have given Hilda back the determination she needs. She shakes her head, no, and points the rifle at the mare's head.

"God forgive me. I'm sorry." Her words begin silently, building only to a whisper in the fading light before the shot breaks through the smoky night air.

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At this year's Rogue Valley Writers' Conference, April King was the first-place scholarship winner for prose. She lives in Glendale.





**Window of house in Salzburg where Mozart was born. For musicians, a visit to the great composer's birthplace is a particularly moving experience. In addition to his manuscripts and pianoforte, a lock of his hair is on display.**

# A musical pilgrimage

*In celebration of its 20th anniversary, the Rogue Valley Chorale recently gave a series of concerts in Europe. Led by Lynn Sjolund, who founded the Chorale in 1973, the 48 singers performed in Austria, Hungary, and the Czech Republic, under the auspices of the Friendship Ambassadors Foundation. Deane Tack, a member of the Chorale, kept the following record of the tour, which begins with the group's arrival in Germany.*

**A**FTER THE FLIGHT to Munich, we were driven by bus to Salzburg. The Austrian countryside was impeccably neat, with manicured gardens around each cottage. Beyond the cottages, which resembled Swiss

chalets, with colorful flower boxes under every window, emerald-green pastures and dense forests were framed by soaring Alps wreathed in vaporous clouds.

For musicians, a visit to the house in Salzburg where Mozart was born is a moving experience.

A strong sense of the composer's presence emanates from his pianoforte, from the manuscripts of his operas, and from a display of his letters. You can even see a lock of his hair.

By way of the ornately designed Mirabell Gardens, we descended to a cobblestone square far below the ancient fortress that dominates the city. In the

square was a huge chess set, with each piece two feet high. Players used an iron ring to move the pieces toward the inevitable checkmate.

Horse-drawn carriages were lined up in the square awaiting tourists. Each team of horses was perfectly matched. Especially eye-catching, for lovers of horses, was a pair of pure whites resembling the famous Lipizzans.

To reach the fortress, we took an electric trolley that zoomed upward to the mountaintop. Built in the 1300s, the huge, sprawling stone-and-brick fortress was impregnable to attack, and continues to afford compelling views of the city and the lush Austrian

**STORY BY DEANE A. TACK • PAINTINGS BY BARBARA BAILY**



countryside.

We gave our first concert in Salzburg, at the Mormon Cultural Center, in collaboration with a local choir, the men in lederhosen and the women in Austrian peasant dresses under colorful embroidered pinafores.

Later, at Bad Goisern, we sang at a Sunday-morning service in a 200-year-old Lutheran church built after the Reformation. The service was in German, but we could feel the warmth and appreciation of the people as we sang. In honor of our presence, the minister's wife had arranged huge bouquets of flowers from her garden.

On a visit to the Kaiser Villa, Emperor Franz Joseph's elaborate hunting lodge near Bad Goisern, we found the walls of the lodge covered with thousands of mounted antlers and the heads of deer, elk, and wild pigs. Hunting, to Franz Joseph, was a festive sport.

Before we left Bad Goisern, a village choir resplendent in native costumes joined us at our hotel restaurant and sang their native folk songs for us, complete with yodeling. Some members of the Chorale joined the Austrians in frolicsome dancing, and learned a different version of the polka.

**E**N ROUTE to Vienna, we visited Melk Abbey, founded 900 years ago by Benedictine monks. Perched high on a series of cliffs overlooking the Danube Valley, the abbey, which was transformed over the centuries from a monastery into a palace, reflects the magnificence and opulence of the baroque period. Ceiling frescoes and murals adorn nearly every room, depicting in allegory the religious significance of the palatial structure, which is now a seminary housing 600 students from all parts of the world.

Through two filigreed wrought-iron gates, visitors enter the abbey's awesome library, whose ceiling fresco, painted in 1768, is an allegorical representation of Science. The library contains over 100,000 literary works, including manuscripts from the ninth century. After an impromptu gathering at the high altar, the members of the Chorale lifted their voices in harmonious praise, inspired by their celestial surroundings.

In Vienna, the Schonbrunn Palace is inseparably linked with the greatness

and splendor of the imperial age, as well as with the end of the monarchy in Austria. The palace emerged from a pre-existing mansion used for hunting and farming during the 1500s. From the time of Emperor Maximilian II, who acquired the property in 1569, down to the present, there have been many renovations incorporating antique, Italian, and French architectural styles. The palace contains over 1,000 rooms,

primarily in the Austrian rococo style. You see tables whose tops are inlaid with gold and ivory, tiered crystal chandeliers, and white ceramic stoves with ornate gold scrolls. In the 120-foot-long Great Gallery, 1,000 candles used to be lit to welcome guests.

The palace gardens were designed by a French architect to resemble the gardens at Versailles. One side was highly ornamental, and the other was



**A sidewalk cafe in Salzburg. Flowers are everywhere in Austria.**



devoted to scientific purposes and included a botanical garden, a palm hothouse, and a zoo.

The visual impact of the palace is overwhelming, and we left reflecting that it was there that the imperial era in Austria came to an end with the death of Emperor Franz Joseph in 1916, after a reign of 68 years.

En route to Veszprem, in Hungary, we passed through rich farm country. Many

acres of dark-green sunflowers with bright-yellow blossoms contrasted with ripe fields of wheat and barley ready for harvesting. Corn and alfalfa were also a prominent part of the landscape, as were terraced vineyards.

The villages weren't as attractive as in Austria, and considerable evidence of the transition from the oppression of communism to freedom was reflected in their construction.

At Veszprem, we had the privilege of performing the "Te Deum" of Zoltan Kodaly with Hungarian choral conductors and singers. The occasion was the American-Magyar Cultural Festival, and the massed chorus, accompanied by a full orchestra and soloists, was a dramatic tribute to Hungary's revered composer. Selected to perform the difficult soprano solos was the Chorale's Susan Olson, who gave an impressive performance. After this uplifting experience, we were invited by the Hungarians to be their guests at an elaborate buffet. The mayor of Veszprem spoke in praise of Americans and the friendship between our two countries and, because English is a required part of the curriculum in Hungary, we were able to communicate well with our hosts and hear their expressions of warmth and acceptance.

**T**HE TRIP from Veszprem to Prague wasn't conducive to the best of spirits. Twelve hours of traveling in buses without air-conditioning, not to mention two border stops, left us quite wilted. Moreover, since an official holiday was being observed, no gas stations were open, so our "rest" stops were necessarily confined to the seclusion of cornfields. Nevertheless, the adventure added to our store of memories.

Slovakia looked bleak, with paint peeling from the houses, ill-kept yards, and drab gray concrete apartment complexes built by the communists. The country had yet to begin making the transition to freedom, but the Czech Republic offered a positive contrast.

Prague, once the capital of the Holy Roman Empire, is known as the city of spires and bridges. Baroque-style cathedrals abound, but Prague Castle had its origins in the tenth century, when "good" King Wenceslas was the reigning monarch of the country, then known as Bohemia. Bohemian crystal is still one of the main products of Prague.

We gave our last concert on July 4 in St. Giles Cathedral, a magnificent baroque edifice with high vaulted ceilings, gold statues, and elaborate decorations. The acoustics in this cathedral were amazing. After releasing a chord, we were transfixed by the ethereal beauty of our voices as the sound floated up to the lofty ceilings





and gently diminished in celestial echoes.

Our celebration of the Fourth of July was without the benefit of flags or fireworks, but, at dinner, we sang all the patriotic songs we could remember, including "God Bless America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." By this stage of the tour, the U.S.A. had become in our eyes a treasure too long taken for granted.

**W**E SPENT our last two days in Prague seeing the sights. Our informative young guide, Pavel, had taken part in the student revolt against the communists in 1987, and from him we learned of the dangerous sacrifices the proud Czech people had made to regain their freedom and independence. As Pavel led us from the Castle down the narrow twisting streets toward Old Town, we found the stone walls of the buildings lined with vendors of jewelry and crafts and many fine artists. Two young men were skilfully playing a violin duet by Telemann, their instrument cases open for contributions. Farther on, the flute-like sound of a recorder blended with their playing, in a memorable cacophony.

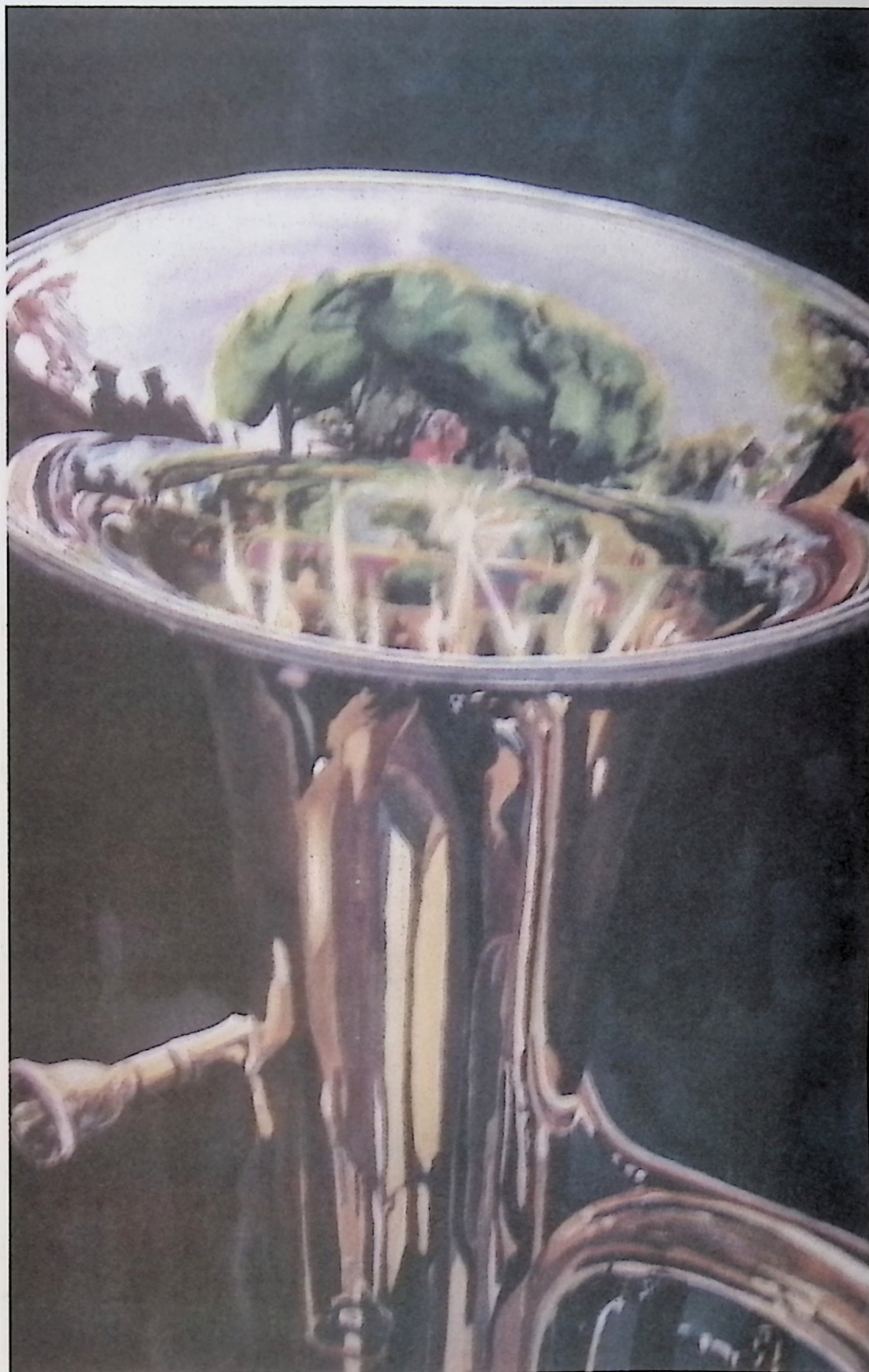
In Prague in 1787, Mozart conducted the premiere of his greatest opera, *Don Giovanni*, and the opera house was extensively renovated for the 200th anniversary of that event. The renovations, in baroque style, took 14 years and, as we watched another Mozart opera, *Così fan tutte*, being performed, it was easy to imagine the genius himself conducting from the orchestra pit.

Our visit to Prague culminated in an excursion by boat down the Vltava River, along the Royal Way. Near the shore, white swans floated past ornate buildings whose sculptured figures were etched against the skyline. In the last century, Smetana, who was a Czech, composed a famous piece inspired by the Vltava and its meanderings toward the sea. In America, where the title has been anglicized, we know this composition as "The Moldau."

During our last night in Prague, the sound of clattering hooves on the cobblestones lulled us to sleep as carriages conveyed adventure-seeking tourists to their destinations. Rising early, we were taken by bus to the

Prague airport, from which we flew to Frankfurt and then on across the Atlantic to Dulles Airport in Washington, D.C. After going through customs, we flew on to San Francisco, finally arriving in Medford at 10:30 at night. As we got off the plane, it was unreal to think that, in Prague, it was already seven o'clock the next morning.

Too weary to exchange fond farewells, the members of the Chorale hoisted their bags from the carousel and headed for home. All of us were acutely aware that the bonds between us had been greatly strengthened by the creative experience we'd shared. The friendships will remain with us for the rest of our lives.



**A band concert in Salzburg's Mirabell Gardens.**



## Georges Collinet

**Name:** Georges Andre Collinet.

**Date of birth:** Dec. 16, 1940.

**Place of birth:** Cameroun.

**Job:** Host/producer, "Afropop Worldwide."

**College:** University de Caen/Iona College.

**Car:** 1985 Camaro.

**Musical instrument:** Guitar.

**Pet:** Dog.

**Pet peeve:** Smokers.

**Strangest job:** Filling socks.

**Hero:** My father.

**Long-term goal:** To produce a TV series about Africa.

**Proudest achievement:** "Afropop Worldwide."

**Best at:** Being happy.

**Secret ambition:** Conduct the New York Philharmonic.

**Couldn't care less about:** Madonna.

**Person you'd like to interview:** Madonna.

**Personal strength:** Work too much.

**Personal weakness:** Work too much.

**Current book:** *Traffic de Cheveaux*, by Jacques Perret.

**Hobby:** Electric trains.

**How you relax:** Play with my son.

**Dream dinner guests:** Bill Clinton, Winston Churchill, Charlemagne, Pee-wee Herman.

**Favorite book:** *Le Chant du Monde*.

**Author:** Jean Giono.

**Actor:** James Dean.

**Food:** Escargots.

**Sport to watch:** Tennis/soccer.

**Sport to play:** Ping-Pong.

**Time of day:** Dusk.

**Musical performer:** Pierre Akendengue.

**Recording:** "Harvest," by Neil Young.



**Comic strip:** Spirou.

**Item of clothing you wear:** Burberry.

**Things to splurge on:** Food, travel.

**Magazine:** *Zoom*.

**Actress:** Jodie Foster.

**Color:** Green.

**Time of year:** Summer.

**Composer:** Bach.

**Earliest political memory:** Algerian war.

**Most significant political event in lifetime:** African independence.

**Story you'd most like to have covered:** France, 1968.

**Best interview:** Eek A Mouse (he sang it!).

**Favorite radio program:** "All Things Considered."

**Worst radio gaffe:** Cracked up while reading news of horrible accident, because co-announcer was losing dental plate.

**Most memorable radio moment:** Being mobbed by 8,000 fans on arrival in Bamako, Mali.

**Radio influences:** High-

powered DJs of the 1960s.

**Favorite place:** Caribbean.

**Place you'd like to visit:** Mongolia.

## Untitled

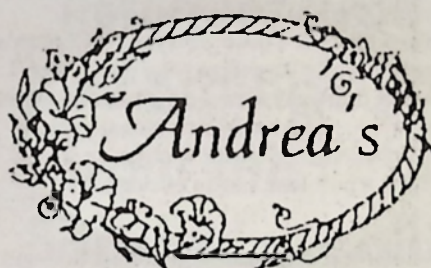
what would it mean if the cricket tapping her anvil outside my window truly had a message for me? if she waited each night for my lamp to go out so she could begin dragging her notes across the comb of an idea, what would it say?

that there is some sense to the way morning cracks its teeth on the sidewalk or to why choices present themselves like acorns dropping in fall?

i want to be an old man done with choices, done with the hope my life will change. i want to lean back in a chair and turn my face to the sun which for years and years has thought not of crickets not of acorns not of ideas, but which still leaps up each day like it was the first.

—George Roberts

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STATE FARM



# EYE ON INSURANCE

*An update on issues and events affecting policy holders throughout the nation.*

## **Damage Estimates Rising in Midwest Flood**

*New York Times*

The earlier estimate of \$10 billion for the total cost of damaged property, lost crops, and business interruption has been revised upwards. Financial experts generally agree that, although the losses in this catastrophe will be high, the negative effect on the total economy of such natural disasters is usually offset by the boost that is generated by the rebuilding effort. The construction boom that followed Hurricane Andrew is cited as an example, but some major differences between the two disasters are pointed out. One is that the greatest loss from floods are this year's crops, which is a permanent loss. The other major difference is that insurers paid out \$16.5 billion in claims within a few months after Hurricane Andrew while almost all of the relief for the current disaster must come from the government.

Authorities estimate that only about 15 percent of the 30,000 to 40,000 home damaged so far in the Midwestern floods are covered by flood insurance, even though such insurance is available through a federal program.

## **Medical Records Aren't Secret**

*USA Today*

When President Clinton unveils his health reform proposal, it will include ambitious plans to rely on computers to help cut costs: everyone's medical records would be computerized and on file with their health plan. Clinton hopes the computerization will save millions of dollars by eliminating forms. But that means there could be thousands of computer banks with data. Those working on Clinton's plan say there will be controls to make sure the wrong people don't see records. "This is obviously something we care a great deal about," says a White House spokesperson. "There will be national privacy safeguards." According to Pennsylvania Senator Wafford, a strong health care reform backer, "It's a problem, not an obstacle."

## **Hawaiian Health Plan**

*Associated Press*

Hawaii won federal permission for a demonstration project that will allow the state to complete its commitment to creating a universal health care system for all 1.2 million residents. According to the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS), Medicaid will be integrated with two state-funded programs for the uninsured to form a large purchasing pool that will buy health care coverage for 150,000 individuals through a process of competitive bidding for managed-care plans. HHS said the program would provide medical, dental, and mental health benefits to individuals whose income is at or below 300 percent of the poverty level, with a sliding scale of premium payments for those above 100 percent of the poverty level.

Hawaii already has a health system in which public programs and employer health plans finance health care for 98 percent of the state's citizens. Since 1983, Hawaii has been the only state with legal authority from Congress to require employers to provide health benefits to the employees.

Sponsored by Southern Oregon State Farm Agents Laurie Bixby; Bill Cobb, CLU; Judith Compton; Bill Dorris, CLU; Karolyne Hugo; Dan Marshall; Tom Nelson; Lee Niedermeyer; Ric Olney; Jim Sorensen; Rory Wold; David Wise, CLU; and John Yaple.

# Marion Ady

*Continued from page 19*

was more teacher than artist. Her great gift was to nurture a love of art in her students. Because she wanted people to have art in their homes, she gave her work away to others. Fashioning a reputation wasn't a part of her agenda. Her surviving work, cherished by friends and students because it so eloquently reflects her, is notable for its fine sense of design. Otto Wilda, who joined Marion as the second member of the art department, remembers that design flowed wonderfully from whatever implement she used. And Peg Sjogren, current chair of the art department, who knows Marion only through her work, sees in her a versatile artist who took a personal approach to exploring a variety of media and styles. Marion's sketches are especially charming. There's nothing pretentious or mannered about them.

Henry David Thoreau once said, "I lived the life I might have writ," meaning that his main business was to live life rather than write about it. Something of the same sort might be said of Marion. Her life was fully and memorably lived, and SOSOC's students are the beneficiaries. As one colleague who knew her puts it, "Marion was the taproot." From her, all has grown.

Today, Marion wouldn't be lonely at SOSOC: the art faculty numbers 11, not one, and all are talented teachers and artists. The College's great hope now is to see a fine-arts complex built that will provide faculty and students with better opportunities to nourish creativity. Marion, I believe, would approve.

I leave off my search for Marion here, knowing that lives fully lived resist adequate rendering. If I haven't done her justice, I've nonetheless benefited from becoming acquainted with someone who deserves to be remembered, and I encourage you to discover her for yourself by visiting the Plunkett Center on campus from Sept. 17 through Oct. 24. Come from 1 to 4 p.m., and you'll see a fine collection of memorabilia and art testifying to Marion's life and achievement. Twenty-one years after her death, she still has much to teach us.



## A landlord's tale

**S**ATURDAY, JULY 17. In this and future letters, I'm going to try to relate to you what I hope is the tail end of a long and sordid story that's been going on since 1981. It's the story of my ownership of the house I live in.

In the late '70s, I was a fairly prosperous young man (oh, yes, I was young once) living in Sydenham (South London). I was a great wheeler-dealer, and ran an international road-haulage operation, amongst other things.

In Sydenham at that time, there was a shop that everybody called the Charity Shop. It wasn't in fact a charity shop at all, in that it belonged to a lady who ran it for her own profit. But we didn't know that. Everybody gave freely, because there weren't so many charity shops back then.

There was a young man called Peter who worked in this shop from time to time, and knew the owner tolerably well, although I'd say it's almost certain he was unaware it wasn't a charity shop. This young man had children at the same school as my daughter, and so we got to know each other quite well. It was a very friendly school.

Peter knew I was into ancient buildings — he'd seen me restore parts of the one I lived in (a mere late-Victorian) — and the owner of the "Charity Shop," whom I shall have to call Mrs. A, just happened to have a very fine ancient house in Camberwell that she wanted to sell, and Peter approached me to see if I was interested. It was obviously presented to me very attractively, because I was more than interested. I was positively enthusiastic to see it as soon as possible.

Anyhow the lady came to my house, and offered to show me hers, and my wife and I then went to her house (we were still married at that stage) and liked it very much — and even more when she told us we could buy it for £11,000, which even at that time was very cheap.

But there was a snag, she revealed. It seemed she wasn't the owner, but a



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sitting tenant of part of the house.

Without smelling any rat here — because if someone lives in a rented house they often call it “my house” — I went into negotiating mode, and a bargain was struck. She’d leave for £20,000 if we bought the house. This meant at that time that she’d have enough to get a house to live in, and we’d have a desirable house for a fairly normal price. There was no big profit here, except for the departing Mrs. A.

A year or so went by before I contacted the owner, because we had difficulty selling our house in Sydenham. He wasn’t interested in accepting £11,000. That was what he’d paid for the house at an auction, and he’d spent money on it since (most of the work was of the absolute worst quality, but he’d still paid for it). On the other hand, he’d be very pleased to sell, but nevertheless felt he should warn me not to trust the tenant. I reassured him that everything was sorted out on that side, and a price of £19,000 was agreed on.

But in order to compete at this price I had to negotiate a lower price with the tenant, and £15,000 was agreed on.

It was 1981, and we were in the foothills of the last recession, so that, by the time the house was actually in my ownership (my wife had bailed out by now), it was no longer possible for me to borrow the money to pay off the tenant. I was stuck with her.

In 1984, however, I found it was again possible to borrow money, and was able to raise £18,000, which, very conveniently, was slightly more than in line with the inflation over the period for £15,000.

I offered Mrs. A the £18,000. She pondered. I gave her a deadline by which to decide, after which the money would no longer be available, because I had to make a decision myself by then.

A couple of days after the deadline, a letter came to my work offering to complete the deal for £20,000. I replied it was too late, and that I anyway was only able to raise £18,000.

Here’s where the fun begins.

There’s a suitcase full of paperwork that I’m unlikely ever to go through again in connection with this matter, but suffice it to say that from 1984 to date I’ve had nothing but difficulty with this building. Builders refuse to work here because they get harassed,

visitors get a mouthful of abuse (strangely, this stopped suddenly after I wrote confidentially to my then-solicitor — did masons come into it?), I used to get mouthfuls of abuse, the council is called in because repairs aren’t being done, areas of the house and garden that aren’t part of the tenancy are squatted, and we’re all having a jolly time.

There’s only one thing that satisfies me about it, and that’s that, although my tenant obviously revels in aggro (slang for aggravation), she’s showing no signs whatever of enjoying it anymore. But it has to run its course now, so she’s stuck with it.

There was a time when I found it all so difficult to deal with that I telephoned the rent officer at the council, and asked him what he thought I ought to do. He’s supposed to be an impartial person, and at that time I was still naive enough to believe he would be. Don’t worry, he said, just take out a summons for eviction. The local county court is very sympathetic with these things, and if you go without any lawyer representing you, you’ll find that the judge will sort it all out for you. “Just a formality. . . .”

I did just that. But the judge turned out to be the most prejudiced lawyer I’ve yet come across and, as everyone knows in this country, all landlords are wicked, so we can forget the law and get into a bit of bashing.

**I** NEEDN’T TELL you that no evidence that went against the tenant was recorded, and that all lines of attack that might have gotten me anywhere were disallowed by the judge. But I might need to tell you that I caught her barrister prompting her when she was under oath, and the judge wouldn’t let me question her on the subject. The barrister was very seedy for such a young man.

The end of the case came after much wasted time (that increases the barrister’s fee and at the same time punishes the landlord, you see), and the judge summed up as though a proper hearing had taken place. He made up a few figures, awarded damages to the tenant for harassment, made it impossible for any work to be done on the building without her permission, and then told me that next time I should get a solicitor. What a prat!

The council denied having ever given

any advice on such matters, and when I went to my Member of Parliament he told me I’d fallen victim to the “Lambeth System,” and that I should now join the Small Landlords’ Association (chargeable) and get a solicitor. He’s a barrister, you see. They do like to keep it all in the club.

When this hearing occurred, we’d reached 1987. The building could now not be worked on, the tenant kept complaining to the council, and the council had served a repair notice some time ago.

The repair notice had been great news, because one of these notices gave me a right to a mandatory-improvement grant, which would have enabled me to hire people to do the work, if I could find anyone competent.

There was just one snag, though. The repair notice listed works that were needed in 1978, and not the works that were now needed. That meant that I couldn’t get a grant, because there was no knowing what the grant was for. So I wrote to them asking them to resurvey so I could apply for a grant.

I wasn’t really aware that all landlords were wicked yet, so I fully expected them to come along and give me a new and proper repair notice. Then all would be sorted out.

The rest of the story, really, is one in which I keep on trying to get a proper schedule of works, they keep on evading the issue, a further court hearing occurs in which the judge decides in such a way that it’s impossible for me to continue my attempts to get a grant, and I have to ask the council to do the work for me (the last thing I wanted) because of this decision.

Then, in 1990, the council does the most appalling “renovation” on my house (under one of the building or housing acts) whilst I’m trying to tell them how to do the work properly (I didn’t tell them that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings sometimes recommends people to contact me for expertise, because it wasn’t happening at that time), and they tell me they know better than I how to go about this job.

At the end, the building is worse than ever but slightly less damp, various 150-year-old architectural features have been thrown in the skip, and the council is asking me for £35,000 for work they’d



estimated at £23,000 that I could have done better for about £12,000.

Because of all this action, I was able to get a legal-aid certificate, so that I'd have lawyers working for me even though I was wicked. So the council backed off for a bit before pushing any harder. Eventually, my legal-aid certificate was terminated because there was no legal action to defend and, within three weeks of the termination, I received a "summons for possession" to be heard at the same court as the original hearing. I've contacted the solicitor again, and hope to be able to relay the rest of the story to you as it occurs.

It's now a little like being a gambler. If I get the same judge, I'll be both penniless and homeless, as is appropriate for a wicked man. But if, as is extremely unlikely, I get a judge who can reason properly and is honest, I might just scrape through with enough money to buy a house.

I've missed out many things in this story, but the thing that regularly springs to mind is that a firm called Safeland PLC contacts me asking me if I'd like to sell my house on each occasion that the court makes the going difficult.

Safeland stonewalled me when I tried to get a list of people who were shareholders on a particular date in 1987.

THEATER

ALISON BAKER

## In two forests

**Mad Forest**, by Caryl Churchill. At the Oregon Shakespeare Festival through Oct. 30. **A Midsummer Night's Dream**, by William Shakespeare. At the OSF through Oct. 3.

**I**T'S HARD to put my finger on what's wrong with *Mad Forest*. A three-part play set before, during, and after the 1989 revolution in Romania, it's effective, moving, and absolutely worth seeing. And yet it doesn't quite coalesce.

The characters, working-class Romanians for the most part (with an

occasional symbolic archangel and vampire thrown in), are totally convincing, as is usual at the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, but we never really connect with them. On the other hand, maybe that's part of the point. The play depicts the emptiness of life under

Ceausescu and the utter demoralization of the Romanian people. Their outer community life is corrupt and bereft of soul, and their inner selves are buried. They can't even connect with each other.

The play is moving, but it's more like documentation than a work of dramatic art. In the first act, the ugly life of a repressive regime is made real — the fear of speaking one's mind, the endless waiting in line for food. But, in the second act, the euphoria of revolution turns rapidly to paranoia, as people untrained in either democracy or basic community living fall back, confused, on what they do understand — bribery, suspicion, old familiar ethnic prejudices.

The most moving part is the middle part, "December," in which a dozen or so Romanian citizens meet in the central square and tell what they saw during the revolution. Speaking, some haltingly, some happily, some with troubled voices, they report on the events of December 1989, and the cumulation of experiences is full of emotion.

But I had trouble with this part too, because in it the actors suddenly have Romanian accents, dropping their articles and speaking not so good the English. This decision on the part of the director (or perhaps the playwright) puts us at one remove from the characters. They seem a little less educated than we are, a bit simpler, and



'A Midsummer Night's Dream' at the OSF

definitely foreign.

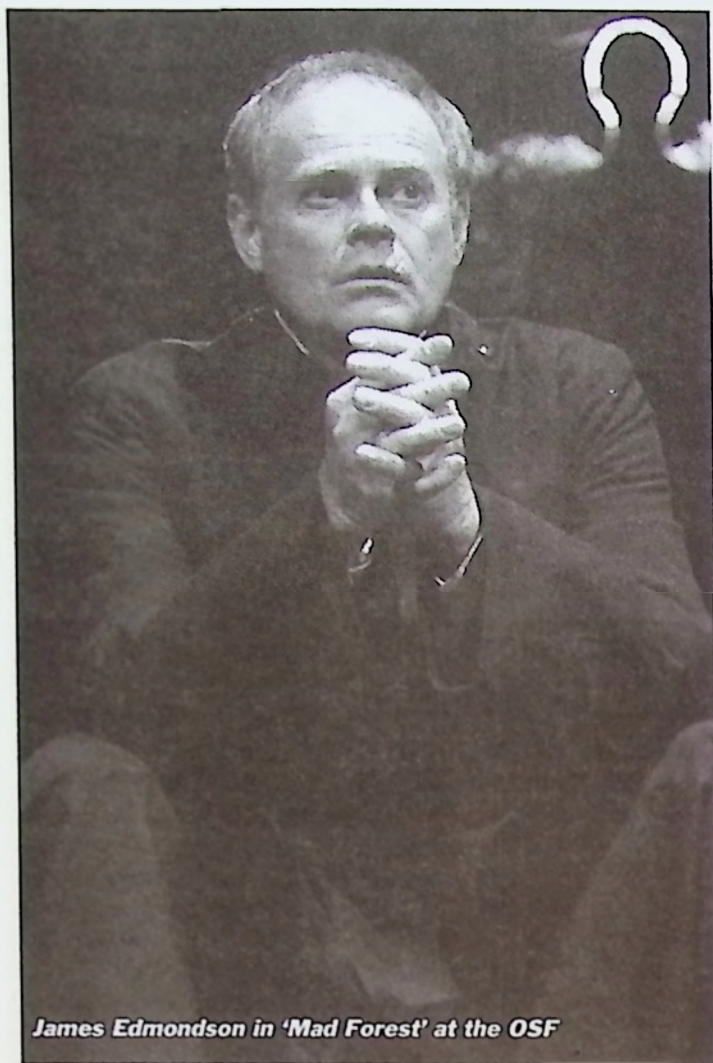
If they'd told their stories in American accents, as if they'd been at their jobs at Harry and David and looked out the window to see tanks along the Bear Creek Parkway, might it have been more effective? Could we have identified more easily with them? The actors never step out of character, or slip into an Italian or Mexican accent, but I felt distanced by the broken English. It was enough to remind me that I was watching a play; and that was enough to keep me from completely suspending my disbelief.

**A**FOREST MORE to my liking is the one that sparkles with dancing fairies and with the magical exploits of that infamous mischief-maker, Puck. It is, of course, the forest of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"The course of true love never did run smooth," a young man comforts his beloved in the first act; and this play is full of lovers, at all stages of the rocky course.

There's Lysander, who swears eternal love for Hermia, but at a drop of magic nectar switches his affections to Helena. Helena, however, loves Demetrius, and pursues him through the woods — but he has eyes for none but Hermia. . . . And then there's Theseus, the white-haired Duke of Athens, who soon will wed the conquered (but not submissive) Hyppolita, Queen of the Amazons. Above and around them all rages the





James Edmondson in 'Mad Forest' at the OSF

lovers' quarrel between Oberon, King of the Fairies, and Titania, his consort, adding enchantment and mischief to make the trials of mere mortals even trickier.

Into the heart of the forest stumbles a plodding band of rustics, set on rehearsing "Pyramus and Thisby," the play they'll present at the upcoming wedding of Theseus and Hyppolita. A carpenter, a weaver, a joiner, and a tailor, these yokels are the antitheses of both the aristocrats and the fairy folk, and they clearly feel none of the romance in the love story they'll be acting out. Sturdy, practical, totally lacking in magic, they're the comic relief in this comedy.

The hardest thing about directing and acting Shakespeare must be the need to make it new, to make it your own. But director Cynthia White and the cast of this *Midsummer* not only don't seem to find it hard, they delight and triumph in it. I can't imagine a better Bottom than Anthony DeFonte's, boastful and self-important and, given a chance to be

Fairy King for a Day, making an ass of himself. And what a goofy Puck James Newcomb is — a little spaced-out and utterly charming, like many a teenage boy. Oberon (Dan Kremer) and Titania (Molly Mayo) are powerful and capricious. More than with any of the other lovers, we feel the electrical connection between them as they quarrel and tease and, in the end, make up — for a little while anyway.

I MUST CONFESS I've never liked *Midsummer* much, and I think that's because so much of its humor requires victims. The fairies are real fairies, not Tinkerbells: they pinch and torment and mock people. When Bottom sprouts donkey ears and brays, we laugh at him, and

when Titania falls in love with him, we're laughing at her too. And watching the jilted Hermia and Helena is uncomfortable: it isn't fun to be the unloved lover, and we know it's only funny when it's someone else. Love is difficult enough; the magic in this play makes it harder before it makes it better.

That may be why "Pyramus and Thisby," the play that Bottom and the laborers perform in the last act, is so hilarious. These "hempen homespuns" are acting purely to give pleasure (and perhaps, as a by-product, to better their lot). They're so concerned with *not* hurting people that they take pains to explain to the watching ladies that the lion isn't really a lion, and not to be feared. We laugh with these simple actors, but, with Theseus, we recognize their effort and don't judge simply the result. And the resulting "Pyramus and Thisby" is the most ridiculous farcical thing I've ever seen. The lion! The man in the moon! That silly wall!

I laughed all the way home.



## Soul brothers

IMAGINE A ROOM full of 1950s neo-modern furniture. Now imagine in the middle of it a young African-American man in dreadlocks clutching a rubber chicken by the neck.

What's wrong with this picture? Nothing at all. Indeed, it happens to be the cover photo on *Don Byron Plays the Music of Mickey Katz* (Electra/Nonesuch), a new CD featuring the quirkiest, funniest, most outlandish music you'll hear this year.

A decade ago, speculation was rife among musicians that the clarinet was dead as an instrument of any significance for jazz. But Byron, a 34-year-old native of the Bronx, is, with Alvin Batiste, Eddie Daniels, and the late John Carter, part of a cadre of clarinetists who've taken the instrument from its old home in swing to new musical regions.

Byron's first solo recording, *Tuskegee Experiments*, was an adventurous forward step for the jazz clarinet via his own compositions. He's also played in a diverse number of combos — everything from the New England Ragtime Ensemble and the Duke Ellington Orchestra to the hard-rock band Living Colour and the new-music group Semaphore, which he leads. And as if all that weren't enough, he's one of the country's premier klezmer clarinetists.

Klezmer music was brought to the U.S. in the 19th century by Eastern European Jewish immigrants. It's essentially party music, characterized by strong rhythms and an irrepressible sense of joy. Like jazz, klezmer contains a large element of improvisation, and in its development has clearly drawn on Middle Eastern and African traditions. The clarinet is also its principal lead instrument.

When you first hear klezmer music, the tremendous influence it's exerted on American music becomes instantly apparent, and you'll start noticing traces of it in everything from Tin Pan Alley tunes to cartoon music and jazz.



In fact, swing-era jazzmen like Sy Zentner, Mannie Klein, and Ziggy Ellman also played in klezmer bands.

Which brings us to the rubber chicken — and Mickey Katz.

Byron's involvement in klezmer music, as a member of the Klezmer Conservatory Band, inevitably led him to an encounter with the wild music of Katz, a Yiddish comic and klezmer bandleader of the 1950s who also happened to be a virtuoso clarinetist. Katz had minor hits in the '50s with Yiddish novelty tunes like "Borscht Riders in the Sky" and, for those of you who collect musical trivia, he was also the father of popular entertainer Joel Grey.

**A** TRUE MUSICAL eccentric and inveterate borrower, Katz fastened like Velcro onto musical bits, and everything from jazz and pop to classical warhorses shows up in his compositions. On Byron's new CD, for example, you'll find a version of the "Hawaiian War Chant" called the "Mechaye War Chant," a campy frolic through an already kitschy tune; "Seder Dance," a light-speed knock-off of Khachaturian's "Sabre Dance"; and a wacky rendering of "Home on the Range" called "Haim Afen Range." The music is also shot through with Yiddish comedy schtick: I'll now forever call Las Vegas "Oy Veygas."

Lorin Sklamberg and Avi Hoffman supply the Yiddish vocals, and Byron's ensemble includes avant-jazzier J.D. Parran, the incredibly versatile violinist Mark Feldman and, in a guest appearance, Jerry Gonzalez, who provides Latin percussion on a version of "Sweet and Gentle." Byron also mixes in recordings of some of Katz's own routines. Though Byron's own phenomenal klezmer clarinet is very much in evidence, on this release he steps back a little to let the loose party atmosphere of the ensemble run wild, and the result is consistent fun. And yet behind the facade of yucks and rubber chickens is music that's breathtakingly complex.

Much has been made of the fact that Byron, an African-American, is playing Jewish music, but Byron is unfazed. In an interview with the *Wall Street Journal*, he said: "A white man plays world music, and no one questions the ethnic connection. But not too many brothers

are playing music from Bulgaria. I spent hundreds of hours transcribing Katz's records; I feel entitled to the knowledge, entitled to participate." When you hear Byron's klezmer clarinet, you'll find it hard to argue.

Byron compares Katz to a small number of other truly original American musicians, people like Harry Partch and Art Blakey.

To this list I'd add Frank Zappa and, above all, Spike Jones. It's no coincidence, of course, that Jones had on his staff for two years a musical director named Mickey Katz.

In any case, the different stylistic influences in Katz's music are so numerous that you'll find yourself endlessly calling out the origins of the riffs that roll around in his songs. Music, in other words, doesn't get any more American.

John Baxter is Jefferson Public Radio's associate director of broadcasting for programming.



## Hi yo, Silver, and away!

**W**HEN I WAS seven, I started taking piano lessons, not because I wanted to, but because my mother made me. She sat next to me on the piano bench every day, and forced me to practice. When I tried to leave, she hit me.

Had this been my only exposure to classical music, I'd probably hate it to this day. But something else happened at that time that started my lifelong affair with symphonies, concertos, overtures, and chamber music: the Lone Ranger.

I was introduced to the wonders of classical music by radio, which frequently employed symphonic excerpts as themes for dramatic programs. "The Lone Ranger," for example, used part of Rossini's "William Tell Overture," "Sergeant Preston of the Yukon" borrowed from Reznicek's "Donna Diana Overture,"

and "The Shadow" lifted a scary section of Liszt's "Les Preludes."

It wasn't till I was ten that the first TV set came into our house, but TV dramas in those days continued the musical practices of radio, and so I learned to love "Ein Heldenleben" by Richard Strauss because of its use in "The Big Story," the weekly dramatization of a front-page newspaper report. Later, "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" taught me to whistle Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" (though I had no idea who Gounod was at the time) and, much later, public television imported "The Forsyte Saga" from England and I heard the highly accessible melodies of Eric Coates for the first time. Later still, "Le Pere Amable," a telefilm I selected for PBS as part of an evening of French television, brought with it as background music what's been one of my favorite chamber pieces ever since: Schubert's "Arpeggione Sonata."

**N**OT SURPRISINGLY, movies have also played a big part in my musical education. For example, when I first heard the hauntingly romantic andante from Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C major, it was behind the lush colors and sensual photography of the Swedish film *Elvira Madigan*. And, like millions of other moviegoers, I was introduced to Richard Strauss' rarely performed "Also Sprach Zarathustra" when it was lifted out of obscurity by Stanley Kubrick for 2001: *A Space Odyssey*.

I once naively supposed that the use of classical music in radio, TV, and Hollywood was a tribute to the good taste of the producers of programs and films. Only when I started working in the media myself did I learn it was really a testament to the producers' stinginess: it's much cheaper to use music that's in the public domain than to pay living composers to create new compositions.

Fortunately for me — and for all of us — most of this media-recycled music is now available in yet another reincarnation, on compact discs.

Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," for instance, is included on a London CD (436 797-2) called *Psycho: Great Hitchcock Movie Thrillers*. The album features Bernard Hermann's scores for *Psycho*, *Marnie*, *North by Northwest*, and *Vertigo*, plus "A Portrait



of Hitch" from *The Trouble with Harry*, and Miklos Rozsa's theme for *Spellbound*. This is a 1992 reissue of analog recordings made from 1963 to 1971.

The sound quality is reminiscent of old movies, which I suppose is appropriate, and most of the pieces are performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hermann himself, but I wish they'd made

new digital recordings for this CD. There's a great deal of soaring romanticism here, particularly in the theme from *Marnie*, which may have been the best thing in that film, one of Hitchcock's few flops.

**W**HETHER OR NOT you saw "The Forsyte Saga" on public TV a quarter of a century ago, you're certain today to enjoy the composition its theme was taken from, "The Three Elizabeths Suite," by Eric Coates (1886-1957). Only one all-digital CD recording of this piece is available, but it'd be hard to imagine a more stunning or better sound than on this Academy Sound and Vision release (ASV 2053). The disc also includes four other delightful, tuneful compositions by Coates: "London Suite," "The Three Bears," the world-premiere recording of "Ballad," and "By the Sleepy Lagoon" (itself the theme of the BBC radio program "Desert Island Discs"). Incidentally, this was the first recording made by the East of England Orchestra, founded and conducted by Malcolm Nabarro, and a proud debut it is.

Where there's just one recording available of Coates' suite, my 1993 H&B catalogue lists no fewer than 38 versions of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 in C major, with its *Elvira Madigan* andante. Geza Anda was the piano soloist in the film, and Anda's performance with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra has been reissued from the original analog master by RCA Silver Seal (60484-2 RV). As for me, I'm perfectly happy with the two all-digital versions I own: Alfred Brendel with the Academy of St.

Martin-in-the Fields under Neville Marriner (Phillips 400-018-2), and Vladimir Ashkenazy with the Philharmonia Orchestra, which he also conducts (London 411 947).

I counted 20 different CDs of Schubert's "Arpeggione Sonata,"

## I once naively supposed that the use of classical music in radio, TV, and Hollywood was a tribute to the good taste of the producers of programs and films

though none is performed on an arpeggione. Which is just as well, because that forgotten instrument — a cross between a guitar and cello invented around 1823 in Vienna — sounds like a terminally ill cello. One reason there are so many recordings of this sonata is that it's been transcribed for the viola, flute, violin, flute d'amour, and viola d'amour, and every performer on these instruments wants to record it. It sounds best by far, though, on the cello. I have the RCA Papillon (6531-2-RG) budget-priced CD, with cellist Lynn Harrell and pianist James Levine. (This disc also features Dvorak's Cello Concerto, with Levine conducting the London Symphony Orchestra.) The performance is excellent, and the price a steal, but you get what you pay for: the sound isn't digital, though it's good.

To "bring back the days of yesteryear" when Tonto, Silver, and the Lone Ranger roamed the west, I recommend the Riccardo Chailly/National Philharmonic Orchestra renditions of the Rossini overtures on London (400-049-2), though many other outstanding digitally recorded CDs are available.

**T**RUE COLLECTOR that I am, I'm also thankful to the Musical Heritage Society for putting out the complete Liszt symphonic poems, with Kurt Masur conducting the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra. You'll find the Shadow lurking somewhere at the beginning of Volume I, Disc 1, Cut 1: "Les Preludes."

To recover the excitement of "The Big Story," bring back Vladimir Ashkenazy,

this time with the Cleveland Orchestra, on a London digital recording of "Ein Heldenleben" (414 292-2). I think "The Big Story" theme is the best part of this long work, and I love the way Strauss keeps teasing the listener before he releases — just once, more than halfway

into the piece — the full theme in all its glory.

Reznicek's boisterous "Donna Diana Overture" is harder to find. The Cincinnati Pops, conducted by Erich Kunzel,

made a digital recording of it for Telarc (CD-80116), and the Tokyo Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Kobayashi, issued a DDD on Denon (C37-7012).

Radio drama may be extinct, but the themes of the old-time radio plays will live in my heart for the rest of my life — and on CDs forever.

## BOOKS

### Dear old golden-rule days

**T**O HELL with books. This month let's look at the newsletter — five sheets smelling of offset lithography and held together with a staple in the upper left-hand corner — that they just sent home from the middle school my daughter's about to enter.

But for the fact that I've become resigned to finding solecisms in all communications from my kids' schools — as though literacy were no longer an accomplishment reasonably to be expected of educators — I could lose it over the language of this publication. Sample: "Students are assigned to interdisciplinary teams, thus reducing the number of teachers that a student has to 4 or 5, including their P.E. and elective teachers." You might well wonder after reading such a sentence if any member



of these interdisciplinary teams has ever submitted to the discipline of grammar — but why detain ourselves over trifles like dangled participles and disagreements in number, when we can get on to more important matters, like gym?

Many entering sixth-graders, according to the newsletter, are worried about having to take showers in gym and, more particularly, about whether the showers have doors. These worries are foolish, the newsletter blandly insists, because the kids won't have to take showers "that often." But what about those reassuring doors — do the showers have them or not? From the authors' sinister silence on this question, we're left to infer the answer.

Because my memories of junior high school are extremely unpleasant, I consider it lunacy to throw sixth-graders in with seventh- and eighth-graders, and the newsletter, without intending to, reinforces my opinion. "Sixth graders" — I faithfully reproduce punctuation, or the lack thereof — "now have a separate lunch period from 7th and 8th graders. Most sixth grade classrooms are close to each other, and sixth graders lockers [sic] are in one area, near the office."

These chillingly matter-of-fact statements, and the horrors they fail to conceal, remind me of a story someone once told me whom I happened to find myself sitting next to on a plane. I forget what got us onto the subject, but X., as I'll call him, since I didn't catch his name, was the sort of embittered middle-aged person who blames the public schools for puberty and hates them accordingly. In any case, he told me that, when he was in the eighth grade, his family moved from the country to a big city on the east coast, so that he had to change schools in midterm. The first day, naturally, was hell. In every class, he was stared at like a freak, and the sadists among his fellow students didn't even bother waiting till his back was turned to laugh at his rustic appearance.

The effect of this scrutiny on X.'s nerves may be imagined. After a few

hours, unable to bear it any longer, he was obliged to call attention to himself by raising his hand.

"Yes?" said the teacher.

"Can I have the pass?"

"May I have the pass." (Teachers, you'll notice, still knew English in those days.)

"May I have the pass."

"Come up and get it."

Ill-coordinated at the best of times, inevitably X. stumbled — or was he tripped? — on his way to the front of the room. The teacher — a man whose eyebrows met ferociously over the

opinion of informers, got woozily to his feet. "Nothing."

"You trying to tell me it was just a friendly wrestling match?"

"That's what it was."

The disgusted teacher ordered the two of them — under threat of expulsion if he ever caught them at it again — back to their classes.

X. would have fled the minute they were around the first turn in the corridor, but the punk detained him.

"It's all right. You're all right. You didn't rat."

"I know I'm mistaken," X. said,

tentatively exploring his bruised windpipe, "but — just for a second there — I had the feeling you weren't going to stop."

"Once I get started, I can't."

Amused by X.'s perplexity, the punk drew him aside into the shadows of a stairwell, where he took a folded newspaper clipping from his wallet.

"Teen slain," the headline said.

X. looked up from it slowly.

"Go on, read," the punk encouraged him, not without a trace of pride.

The body of a 14-year-old boy had been found in a vacant lot. According to the police, he'd been choked to death. The remainder of the article was devoted to speculation about a man in a Tyrolean hat who was rumored to have been accosting children in the neighborhood.

"I only showed it to you because I can see you're not a rat."

After congratulating the punk on the acuteness of his judgment, X. retreated to his class, where the teacher with the single eyebrow was waiting to pounce.

"Since you're new," he said, looking pointedly at his watch, "let's get something straight. America may be a democracy, but this classroom is a dictatorship, and I'm the dictator — do I make myself clear?"

"Yes."

"Good! Now go to the board, and write the answer to this question. What's the first rule of conduct in any dictatorship?"

*But why detain ourselves over trifles like dangled participles and disagreements in number, when we can get on to more important matters, like gym?*

bridge of his nose — silenced with a bellow the predictable outburst of hilarity.

"If you're not back in two minutes," he said to X., "I'll assume you were smoking and you'll spend the next week in detention."

**I**N TERRIFIC HASTE, X. arrived within a few seconds at the door of the lavatory, to be stopped by a punk in jeans and boots who shrugged at the sight of his pass.

"That'll be a quarter."

"Huh?"

"This is a pay toilet," the punk explained.

The spaces between his teeth were too wide. They gave him a distinctly demented look.

"But I spent all my money at lunch. All I've got left is carfare."

"Then go in your pants."

That made X. mad. Ignoring the fact that the punk was put together like a fist, he flung him aside and burst through the door — only to find himself, a moment later, flat on his back on the slimy tiles, with the punk on top of him, choking him in earnest.

The loud resistance X. put up attracted, just in time, a teacher on hall patrol.

"Break it up! What's going on here?"

X., familiar of course with the world's



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X., whose bladder was about to burst, swore to me he hopped from one foot to the other, seized the chalk, and wrote without hesitating: "Always carry spare

## PC and BS

The Official Politically Correct Dictionary and Handbook, by Henry Beard and Christopher Cerf. Villard Books; 176 pages; \$5.95.

**M**Y RIGHT-DOOR neighbor came by the other day with a little book to lend me: *The Official Politically Correct Dictionary and Handbook*, by Henry Beard and Christopher Cerf.

"It's a very funny book," Doug said. "Just browse through it, and it'll make your flesh crawl."

I flipped a few pages. Doug was right: it's a funny little book. Its authors were obviously laughing up their sleeves as they compiled a lexicon of the newspeak of political correctness.

"It begins with PC and ends with BS," Doug said.

I turned to the back of the book and found what he meant. BS is short for language that's Bureaucratically Suitable — that's proper for today's workplace.

"We're caught in a decade of 'be sensitive or else'," Doug said. "These guys are laughing at it, but it's scary, too. The language of PC and BS is leading us into the New World Order. We're in a war of words, and people like us are losing."

By "people like us," I supposed Doug meant folks who are in the "or else" category, the "insensitive" bigots who go right on speaking English as if the age of sensitivity weren't happening. Language is always the first weapon of revolutionaries.

As goes the language, so goes the culture. That lesson was well taught half a century ago by George Orwell, who picked it up from a couple of linguistic scholars of still earlier decades, Edwin Sapir and Benjamin Lee Whorf. Human culture, they said, is a product of language.

Nobody has learned that lesson better than today's revisionists, who are the pied pipers of PC, BS and, of course, the New World Order. They hold in contempt whatever is

traditional, religious, competitively enterprising, white, male, elderly, dead, or American. Their aim is to expunge from the language, as did Orwell's newspeak, any word or phrase that favors those things, and in the end to make "unsuitable" thoughts unthinkable, just as in 1984. In the New World Order, all those things would be brought to the chopping block and replaced by an international culture of socially interdependent, nonreligious people free of tradition, with nonwhites, females, and the young in the seats of power.

Beard and Cerf laughingly say they'll tell us how to use the "right" words to get along in the new multicultural world now aborning. And the keys to that world are diversity and tolerance — except that it's not diverse enough to tolerate anything but PC and BS.

In the PC vocabulary, whites are seen as *melanin impoverished*, males as *potential rapists*. (Women are *persons of gender*.) The lazy are *motivationally dispossessed*. There are no *afflictions* or *diseases*, only *conditions*. No one is *poor*, many are *economically marginalized*.

The newsmakers seek to make everyone *sensitive* to the *needs* of the *disadvantaged* and the *different*, as long as the *different* aren't WEMs (white European males), religious people of a traditional or non-cultist sort, enterprisers, or the elderly. In their perfect world, no one is boring, though some are *charm free*. None is ugly, though some are *differently interesting*. Crime is to be understood, not to be punished. A shoplifter is a *nontraditional shopper*. A junkie is one with a *pharmacological preference*. A serial killer is a *person with difficult-to-meet needs*.

Death, because it comes chiefly to the old, is welcomed — by those who live on. The dead are *terminally inconvenienced* or *no longer a factor*.

"You're right, Doug," I said. "It's a funny little book."

"I told you," he said. "But I think it's time to stop laughing and start shouting, 'Enough already!'"

After Doug left, I spent an hour with *The Official Politically Correct Dictionary and Handbook*, and I decided he may be right. If the PC-BS people get their way, the world as we know it is about to be terminally inconvenienced, and clear reasoning to become no longer a factor.

—Wen Smith



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# JPR PROGRAMMING

## AT A GLANCE

## Specials this Month

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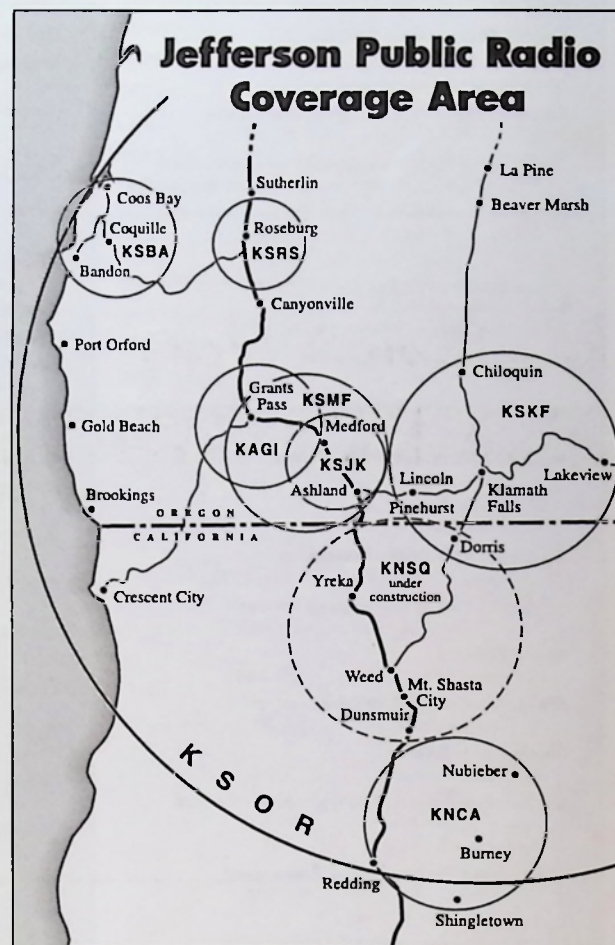
This month we present featured works during First Concert and Siskiyou Music Hall from last year's Ashland Chamber Music Concert series, with artists such as pianist Mischa Dichter and the Quartet Sine Nomine. Also, Placido Domingo sings the title role in Wagner's Parsifal on Saturday, Sept. 25, at 10:30 a.m. And we present the opening-night gala concert celebrating the 25th anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera debuts of Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti on Monday, Sept. 27, at 8 p.m.

### Rhythm & News Service KSMF / KSBA / KSKF / KAGI / KNCA

The zany Iowa Radio project returns to Wednesdays at 9:30 p.m., beginning Sept. 22.

### News & Information Service KSJK

There are many changes in the schedule this month. Be sure to consult the listings for more information.



## FAREWELL TO AN OLD FRIEND: T. Mark (Max) Baxter, 1965-1993



### Dial Positions in Translator Communities

Bandon .....	91.7	Happy Camp .....	91.9
Big Bend, CA .....	91.3	Jacksonville .....	91.9
Brookings .....	91.1	Klamath Falls .....	90.5
Burney .....	90.9	Lakeview .....	89.5
Callahan .....	89.1	Langlois, Sixes .....	91.3
Camas Valley .....	88.7	LaPine, Beaver Marsh .....	89.1
Canyonville .....	91.9	Lincoln .....	88.7
Cave Junction .....	90.9	McCloud, Dunsuir ..	88.3
Chiloquin .....	91.7	Merrill, Malin, Tulelake .....	91.9
Coquille .....	88.1	Port Orford .....	90.5
Coos Bay .....	89.1	Parts of Port Orford, Coquille .....	91.9
Crescent City .....	91.7	Redding .....	90.9
Dead Indian-Emigrant Lake .....	88.1	Roseburg .....	91.9
Ft. Jones, Etna .....	91.1	Sutherlin, Glide .....	89.3
Gasquet .....	89.1	Weed .....	89.5
Gold Beach .....	91.5	Yreka, Montague .....	91.5
Grants Pass .....	88.9		



# CLASSICS & NEWS

**KSOR** 90.1 FM  
ASHLAND

KSOR dial positions for translator communities  
listed on previous page

**KSRS** 91.5 FM  
ROSEBURG

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	4:30 Jefferson Daily	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
7:00 First Concert	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 First Concert	8:00 Millennium of Music
12:00 News	6:30 Marketplace	10:30 NPR World of Opera	9:30 St. Paul Sunday Morning
12:10 Siskiyou Music Hall	7:00 State Farm Music Hall	2:00 Chicago Symphony	11:00 Siskiyou Music Hall
4:00 All Things Considered	7:30 Ashland City Band	4:00 All Things Considered	2:00 Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra
		5:00 America and the World	4:00 All Things Considered
		5:30 Pipedreams	5:00 State Farm Music Hall
		7:00 State Farm Music Hall	

# Rhythm & News

**KSMF** 89.1 FM  
ASHLAND

**KSBA** 88.5 FM  
COOS BAY

**KSKF** 90.9 FM  
KLAMATH FALLS

**KAGI** AM 930  
GRANTS PASS

**KNCA** 89.7 FM  
BURNLEY

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	Craven Street. (Wednesdays)	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
9:00 Open Air	Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursdays)	10:00 Car Talk	9:00 Jazz Sunday
3:00 Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz (Fridays)	Creole Gumbo Radio Show (Fridays)	11:00 Living on Earth	2:00 Jazzset
4:00 All Things Considered	9:30 Ken Nordine's Word Jazz (Thursdays)	11:30 Jazz Revisited	3:00 Confessin' the Blues
6:30 Jefferson Daily	10:00 Jazz (Mon-Wed)	12:00 Riverwalk: Live from the Landing	4:00 New Dimensions
7:00 Echoes	Jazzset (Thursdays)	1:00 Afropop Worldwide	5:00 All Things Considered
9:00 Le Show (Mondays)	Vintage Jazz (Fridays)	2:00 World Beat Show	6:00 Folk Show
Selected Shorts (Tuesdays)		5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 Thistle & Shamrock
		6:00 Rhythm Revue	9:00 Music from the Hearts of Space
		8:00 Grateful Dead Hour	10:00 Possible Musics
		9:00 BluesStage	
		10:00 Blues Show	

# News & Information

**KSJK** AM 1230  
TALENT

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Monitoradio Early Edition	(Thursday)	6:00 Monitoradio Weekend	6:00 CBC Sunday Morning
5:50 Marketplace Morning Report	Software/Hardtalk (Friday)	7:00 BBC Newsdesk	9:00 BBC Newshour
6:50 JPR Local and Regional News	1:00 Monitoradio	7:30 Inside Europe	10:00 Sound Money
8:00 BBC Newshour	1:30 Pacifica News	8:00 Sound Money	11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge
9:00 Monitoradio	2:00 The Jefferson Exchange (Monday)	9:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 El Sol Latino
10:00 BBC Newshour	Monitoradio (Tuesday-Friday)	10:00 World That Came in from Cold	8:00 BBC World Service
11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge (Monday)	3:00 Marketplace	10:30 Talk of the Town	
The Parents Journal (Tuesday)	3:30 As It Happens	11:00 Zorba Pastor on Your Health	
Voices in the Family (Wednesday)	5:00 BBC Newshour	12:00 The Parents Journal	
New Dimensions (Thursday)	6:00 The Jefferson Daily	1:00 C-SPAN's Weekly Radio Journal	
Quirks and Quarks (Friday)	6:30 Marketplace	2:00 Commonwealth Club of California	
12:00 BBC Newsdesk	7:00 The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour	3:00 Second Thoughts	
12:30 Talk of the Town (Monday)	8:00 BBC Newshour	3:30 Second Opinions	
The American Reader (Tuesday)	9:00 Pacifica News	4:00 BBC Newshour	
51 Percent (Wednesday)	9:30 BBC Newsdesk	5:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge	
Milky Way Starlight Theater	10:00 BBC World Service	8:00 BBC World Service	



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# CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE

## Monday-Friday

### 5:00-6:50 am • Morning Edition

The latest in-depth international and national news from National Public Radio, with host Bob Edwards.

### 6:50-7:00 am • JPR Morning News

Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

### 7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00 am

### Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts

### 12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

### 4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

### 4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

### 5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

### 6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

### 7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson and Josephine County State Farm Insurance agents bring you classical music every night, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

## Saturday

### 6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

### 8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and John Baxter. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

### 10:30-2:00pm • NPR World of Opera

Interesting series of operas recorded in the Netherlands, including a performance on Aug. 14 of

Tchaikovsky's rarely performed opera *Charodeyka*.

### 2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

Weekly concerts featuring the CSO conducted by Music Director Daniel Barenboim as well as distinguished guest conductors.

### 4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest international and national news from NPR.

### 5:00-5:30pm • America and the World

Richard C. Hottel hosts this weekly discussion of foreign affairs, produced by NPR.

### 5:30-7:00pm • Pipedreams

Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

### 7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance Agents bring you classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

## Sunday

### 6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

### 8:00-9:30am • Millenium of Music

Robert Aubry Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

### 9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

Exclusive chamber music performances produced for the public radio audience, featuring the world's finest soloists and ensembles. Bill McLaughlin hosts.

### 11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Thomas Price brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

### 2:00-4:00pm • The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

Christof Pevick assumes the post of director of the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra this year, and leads the orchestra in this 13-week series of concerts.

### 4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

### 5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance agents present classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.



## Program Highlights for September

\* indicates composer's birthday

### First Concert

- Sep 1 W DAVUAX: *Symphonie Concertante*  
 Sep 2 Th RAVEL: *Valses nobles et sentimentales*  
 Sep 3 F BERNSTEIN: *Symphonic Dances from West Side Story*  
 Sep 6 M HANSON: *Symphony No. 2, "Romantic"*  
 Sep 7 T MOZART: *Piano Concerto No. 17*  
 \*Sep 8 W DVORAK: *Serenade for Strings*  
 Sep 9 Th Special concert performance by the American Horn Quartet (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 10 F POULENC: *Piano Concerto*  
 Sep 13 M MOZART: *Symphony No. 29*  
 Sep 14 T BEDETHOVEN: *String Quartet, Op. 59, No. 1*  
 Sep 15 W RAVEL: *Piano Concerto*  
 Sep 16 Th MENDELSSOHN: *Piano Trio No. 2* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 17 F RESPIGHI: *Three Botticelli Pictures*  
 Sep 20 M LIZST: *Three Pieces* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 21 T HAYDN: *Trio No. 30*  
 Sep 22 W TCHAIKOVSKY: *Violin Concerto*  
 Sep 23 Th DEBUSSY: *Images, Book I* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 24 F BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a*  
 Sep 27 M HONEGGER: *String Quartet No. 3* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 28 T HANDEL: *Tra la Fiaurure*  
 Sep 29 W VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *A Lark Ascending*  
 Sep 30 Th SAINT-SAENS: *Piano Trio No. 1* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)

### Siskiyou Music Hall

- Sep 1 W BARBER: *String Quartet*  
 Sep 2 Th BRAHMS: *Serenade No. 1*  
 Sep 3 F NIELSEN: *Flute Concerto*  
 Sep 6 M HARRIS: *Symphony No. 6, "Gettysburg"*  
 Sep 7 T SCHUBERT: *String Quartet*  
 \*Sep 8 W DVORAK: *Serenade for Winds*  
 Sep 9 Th Special concert by the American Horn Quartet (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 10 F RAVEL: *Gaspard de la Nuit*  
 Sep 13 M BEETHOVEN: *Violin Concerto*  
 Sep 14 T KORNGOLD: *Piano Quintet in E*  
 Sep 15 W SCHUMANN: *Symphony No.*

- Sep 16 Th DEBUSSY: *Piano Trio* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 17 F BACH: *Brandenburg Concerto No. 5*  
 Sep 20 M Concert performance by the Scholars of London (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 21 T BERG: *Violin Concerto*  
 Sep 22 W HAYDN: *"Autumn" from The Seasons*  
 Sep 23 Th BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 8*  
 Sep 24 F BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme of Handel* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 27 M MENDELSSOHN: *"Italian" Symphony*  
 Sep 28 T PROKOFIEV: *Piano Sonata No. 6* (Ashland Chamber Music Concerts)  
 Sep 29 W MOZART: *Sinfonie Concertante*  
 Sep 30 Th BEETHOVEN: *String Quarter, Op. 18, No. 3*

### Chicago Symphony

- Sep 4 Haydn: *Symphonie No. 100 in G ("Military")*; Mahler: *Symphony No. 4*. Klaus Tennstedt, conductor. Arleen Auger, soprano.  
 Sep 11 Haydn: *Symphony No. 48 in C ("Maria Theresia")*; Bruckner: *Symphony No. 4 in E flat ("Romantic")*. Daniel Barenboim, conductor.  
 Sep 18 Hindemith: *Concerto for Orchestra, OP. 38*; Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 24 in C minor, K. 491*; Schmidt: *Symphony No. 3*. Neeme Jarvi, conductor. Radu Lupu, piano.  
 Sep 25 Shostakovich: *Violin concerto No. 1 in A minor, Op. 99*; Tchaikovsky: *Symphony No. 3 in D, Op. 29 ("Polish")*. Claudio Abbado, conductor. Viktoria Mullova, violin.

### Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

- Sep 5 Vaughan Williams: *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis*; C.P.E. Bach: *Concerto in A for Cello and Orchestra*; Donald Crockett: *Antiphonies* (world premiere); Dvorak: *Serenade for Strings in E, Op. 22*. Heiichiro Ohyama, conductor. Gary Hoffman, cello.  
 Sep 12 Mendelssohn: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in G minor, Op. 25*; Bartok: *Rumanian Folk Dances, Op. 8a* (1910); Kodaly: *Dances from Galanta* (1933); Mendelssohn: *Symphony No. 3 in A minor, Op. 56 ("Scottish")*. Tamas Vasary, conductor and piano.  
 Sep 19 Schoenberg: *Chamber Symphony No. 1 in E, Op. 9* (1906); Beethoven: *Two Romances for Violin, Op. 40, Op. 50*; Beethoven: *Symphony No. 2 in D, Op. 36*. Christof Perick, conductor. Mioriam Fried, violin.  
 Sep 26 Haydn: *Symphony No. 96 in D ("Miracle")*; Copland: *Clarinet Concerto*; Ravel: *Pavane pour une infante defunte*; Ginastera: *Variaciones concertantes*, Op. 23. Neal Stulberg, conductor. Gary Gray, Clarinet.

### St. Paul Sunday Morning

- Sep 5 Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. Works by Froberger, Souperin, Frescobaldi, Rameau, J.S. Bach.  
 Sep 8 Joseph Swenson, violin; Jeffrey Kahane,

J.S.Bach.

- Sep 12 Dvorak's Centenary Visit to Spillville, Iowa. Bill McLaughlin hosts a program recorded in the Iowa town where 100 years ago Antonin Dvorak composed some of his best-loved music.  
 Sep 19 Imogen Cooper, piano. Schubert: *Sonata in B flat, D. 960*; Janacek: *Sonata No. 1*; Smetana: *Polkas*.  
 Sep 26 Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. Handel: *Suite from The Water Music*; Bolcom: *Orpheus Serenade*; Dvorak: *Serenade for Strings in E, Op. 22*.

### NPR World of Opera

- Sep 4 *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, by Monteverdi. Cast: Patricia Schuman, Marianne Rorholm, Jeffrey Gall. Rene Jacobs conducts Concerto Koln.  
 Sep 11 *Armida*, by Rossini. Cast: Christine Weidenger, Thomas Young, Eric Johnson. Tulsa Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Conductor: Richard Bradshaw.  
 Sep 18, 25 1993 Bayreuth Festival, produced by Radio Deutsche Welle. Sept. 18: *Tristan und Isolde*, by Wagner. Cast: Siegfried Jerusalem, John Tomlinson. Conductor: Daniel Barenboim. Sept. 25: *Parsifal*, by Wagner. Cast: Bernd Weikl, Placido Domingo. Conductor: James Levine.

## ECHOES

### A DAILY MUSIC SOUNDSCAPE

Echoes is a soundscape of modern music. Seamless, shifting, flowing, it bridges new age, minimalism, space music, new acoustic music and world fusion.

Weekdays  
at 7pm  
on the  
Rhythm &  
News Service



# OPEN AIR

Tune-in to Jefferson Public Radio's house blend of jazz, contemporary, blues, and new music. Join Wynton Marsalis, B.B. King, The Talking Heads, Ottmar Leibert, Ricky Lee Jones, Bob Marley, Miles Davis, Joni Mitchell, Pat Metheny and others on a musical journey that crosses conventions.

JEFFERSON PUBLIC RADIO  
*Rhythm & News*

**Monday-Thursday**  
**9am-4pm**  
**Fridays 9am-3pm**

## Rhythm & News Service

### Monday-Thursday

#### 5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Bob Edwards.

#### 9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

#### 4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

#### 6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

#### 7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music into an evening listening experience both challenging and relaxing.

#### 9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Le Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly mix of music and very biting satire.

#### 9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony Space, features some of this country's finest actors reading short stories.

#### 9:00-10:00pm • Wed.: Craven Street

A historical docudrama about Ben Franklin's little-known early years in London. Produced by Yuri Razofski.

#### 9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, cultures and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

#### 9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

#### 9:00-10:00pm • Friday: The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Jerry Embree serves up a spicy gumbo of music Louisiana, including soul and R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco.

#### 10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

#### 10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-garde - a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to vintage jazz.

### Saturday

#### 6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

#### 10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

#### 11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

#### 11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

#### Noon-1:00pm • Riverwalk: Live from the Landing

Six months of classic jazz from the Landing in San Antonio, Texas, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band.

#### 1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the availability of new and exciting forms of music. African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Middle East.

#### 2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso, soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world music.

#### 5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

#### 6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B and roots rock.

#### 8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly endless archives of concert recordings by the legendary band.

#### 9:00-10:00pm • BluesStage

There's nothing like a live blues band, and this NPR series travels the country to bring you both blues legends and hot new artists in club and concert performances.

#### 10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt, Peter Gaulke and Lars Svendsgaard with the best in blues.



## Sunday

### 6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

### 9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

### 2:00-3:00pm • Jazzset

NPR's weekly program devoted to live jazz performances, hosted by jazz saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

### 3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

### 4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

### 5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

### 6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

### 8:00-9:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

### 9:00-10:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by Stephen Hill.

### 10:00-2:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

## Program Highlights for September

### Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

- Sep 3 George Cables
- Sep 10 John Bunch
- Sep 17 Cleo Laine & John Dankworth
- Sep 24 Donald Brown

### AfroPop Worldwide

- Sep 4 Kickin' It in Kingston
- Sep 11 A Visit to Venezuela
- Sep 18 To be announced
- Sep 25 A Brief History of New York Salsa, Volume 1

### New Dimensions

- Aug 1 Where Medicine Meets Art, with Rachel Naomi Remen, MD, and Marion Weber
- Aug 8 Consciousness, Evolution and Time, with Peter Russell

- Aug 15 Ritual, Astrology, Poetry: Doors to Understanding, with Antero Alli
- Aug 22 The Biology of Happiness, with Barry Neil Kaufman
- Aug 29 Exploring the Frontiers of Science, with Beverly Rubik

### Confessin' the Blues

- Sep 5 Robert Johnson and Friends
- Sep 12 Charlie Musselwhite's Bands
- Sep 19 Hep Harmony Sounds
- Sep 26 Paul DeLay (interview and music)

### Jazzset

- Sep 1, 5 Patricia Barber, Randy Weston's Spirits of Our Ancestors
- Sep 8, 12 Betty Carter
- Sep 15, 19 The Legacy of Miles, part 1, with the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, Jon Faddis, Roy Hargrove, Jackie McLean, Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan.
- Sep 22, 26 The Legacy of Miles, part 2
- Sep 29 Arthur Taylor, with Taylor's Wailers

### Thistle and Shamrock

- Sep 5 Cymru: The Music of Wales
- Sep 12 Continental Celts: Music from Brittany and Galicia
- Sep 19 Bandstand
- Sep 26 Say Something: Jimmy McCarthy, Dougie MacLean, Nancy Nicholson, Christy Moore

### Blues Stage

- Sep 4 Delbert McLinton, Stevie Ray Vaughan
- Sep 11 Booker T. and the MGs, Robert Ward
- Sep 18 Koko Taylor, Zora Young, Ida MacBeth
- Sep 25 Robert Cray, Li'l Ed and the Blues Imperials

### Riverwalk

- Sep 4 After Hours Classic jam, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band
- Sep 11 Riverwalk Blues All Star Revue, with Benny Carter, Clark Terry, Carol Woods, Stephanie Nakasian, John Cocuzzi, and Vince Giordano
- Sep 18 I'm in the Mood for Swing: The Life and Music of Benny Carter
- Sep 25 Hot Bands of the 1920s



Marian McPartland of 'Piano Jazz'

## Living on EARTH

**Environmental news with the depth, balance and clarity you expect from National Public Radio.**

"The best of the eco-radio programs."

— New Age Journal

**Saturdays at 11am  
Rhythm & News Service**



**Join BluesStage producer, Felix Hernandez, for two hours of great American music – roots rock, soul, and R & B.**

**Saturdays at 6pm  
Rhythm & News**



roarsqueal  
clickclack  
tappatappa  
ticktick  
ee-ee-eee  
car talk



Mixing  
**wisecracks**  
with  
muffler  
problems  
and  
**word puzzles**

with wheel  
alignment,  
Tom & Ray  
Magliozzi  
take the fear  
out of car repair.

Saturdays at 10am on the  
Rhythm & News Service

Saturdays at 4pm on the  
News & Information Service



**FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO**

# News & Information Service

**Monday-Friday**

**5:00-8:00am • Monitoradio**

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Includes:

**5:50am • Marketplace Morning Report**

**6:50am • JPR Local and Regional News**

**8:00am-9:00am • BBC Newshour**

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

**9:00am-10:00 a.m. • Monitoradio**

**10:00am-11:00am • BBC Newshour**

**11:00am-Noon Monday • To the Best of Our Knowledge**

**11:00am-Noon Tuesday • The Parents Journal**

**11:00am-Noon Wednesday • Voices in the Family**

Dan Gottlieb, a psychologist and family therapist, hosts this weekly program devoted to issues of mental and emotional health.

**11:00am-Noon Thursday • New Dimensions**

**11:00am-Noon Friday • Quirks and Quarks**

The CBC's award-winning science program.

**12:00-12:30pm • BBC Newsdesk**

The latest international news from the BBC World Service.

**12:30pm-1:00pm Monday • Talk of the Town**

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

**12:30pm-1:00pm Tuesday • The American Reader**

Interviews with authors of the latest books.

**12:30pm-1:00pm Wednesday • 51 Percent**

Features and interviews devoted to women's issues.

**12:30pm-1:00pm Thursday • The Milky Way Starlight Theatre**

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins, and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, culture, and places that make up the human side of

astronomy.

**12:30pm-1:00pm Friday • Software/-Hardtalk**

Computer expert John C. Dvorak demystifies the dizzying changes in the world of computers.

**1:00pm-1:30pm • Monitoradio**

The latest national and international news.

**1:30pm-2:00pm • Pacifica News**

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

**2:00pm-3:00pm Monday • The Jefferson Exchange**

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin, and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to southern Oregon.

**2:00pm-3:00pm Tuesday-Friday • Monitoradio**

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

**3:00pm-3:30pm • Marketplace**

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

**3:30pm-5:00pm • As It Happens**

National and international news from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

**5:00pm-6:00pm • BBC Newshour**

**6:00pm-6:30pm • The Jefferson Daily**

Local and regional news magazine produced by Jefferson Public Radio.

**6:30pm-7:00pm • Marketplace**

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00pm program.

**7:00pm-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour**

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

**8:00pm-9:00pm • BBC Newshour**

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

**9:00pm-9:30pm • Pacifica News**

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.



9:30pm-10:00pm • BBC Newsdesk  
10:00pm-11:00pm • BBC World Service

## Saturday

6:00am-7:00am • Monitoradio  
Weekend

7:00am-7:30am • BBC Newsdesk

7:30am-8:00am • Inside Europe

A weekly survey of European news produced by Radio Deutsche Welle in Cologne, Germany.

8:00am-9:00am • Sound Money

Bob Potter hosts this weekly program of financial advice. (Repeats Sunday at 10:00am.)

9:00am-10:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00am-10:30am • The World That  
Came in from the Cold

This BBC documentary provides a history of the Cold War from both sides of the Iron Curtain.

10:30am-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 12:30pm.)

11:00am-12:00 Noon • Zorba Paster on  
Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, MD, hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

12:00pm-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine, and child development for helpful advice to parents.

1:00pm-2:00pm • C-SPAN'S Weekly  
Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public-affairs network.

200pm-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club  
of California

Lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public-affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Second Thoughts

David Horowitz hosts this weekly program of interviews and commentary from a conservative perspective.

3:30pm-4:00pm • Second Opinions

Erwin Knoll, editor of The Progressive magazine, with a program of interviews from a left perspective.

4:00pm-5:00pm • BBC Newshour

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

5:00pm-8:00pm • To the Best of our  
Knowledge

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture, and events.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

## Sunday

6:00am-9:00am • CBC Sunday  
Morning

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

9:00-11:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00-11:00am • Sound Money

11:00am-2:00pm • To the Best of Our  
Knowledge

Interviews and features about contemporary political, economic, and cultural issues, produced by Wisconsin Public Radio.

2:00pm-8:00pm • El Sol Latino

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - *en español*.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

## DID YOU KNOW?

*80% of public radio's listeners  
hold a more positive image of  
companies that support public  
radio.*

## ARTS SCENE

MOHELLE SMITH, EDITOR

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. September 15 is the deadline for the November issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

## Rogue Valley

### Theater

•In its 58th season, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival has scheduled the following plays: *Richard III* (through Oct. 31); *A Flea in Her Ear* (through Oct. 31); *Joe Turner's Come and Gone* (Sept. 16-Oct. 30); *Lips Together, Teeth Apart* (through Sept. 12); *The Illusion* (through Oct. 30); *Antony and Cleopatra* (through Oct. 2); *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (through Oct. 3); *The White Devil* (through Oct. 1); *Mad Forest* (through Oct. 30); *The Baltimore Waltz* (through Oct. 31). For information on membership, or to receive a brochure on the current season, call

•*Little Shop of Horrors*. Musical-comedy thriller. 8:30 nightly, except Tuesdays, through Sept. 18. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine Streets, Ashland. 503-488-2902.

•*The Madwoman of Chaillot*, presented by the Actors' Theatre of Ashland, is being held over through Sept. 4. For more information, contact the Minshall Playhouse, 101 Talent Ave., Talent. 503-482-9659.

•*Huckleberry Finn* is being presented by the Actors' Theatre of Ashland through Sept. 6. Advance tickets: \$8.50 adults, \$5 kids under 12. All seats \$1 more at door. The Minshall Playhouse, 101 Talent Ave., Talent. 503-482-9659.

•*The Price*, by Arthur Miller; directed by Terry Boole. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15 p.m., Sundays at 2:30 p.m. between Sept. 6 and Sept. 26. Barnstormers Little Theatre Group, 112 NE Evelyn Ave., Grants Pass. 503-479-3557.

•*Step on a Crack*. Presented by the Cygnet Theatre Group through Sept. 11 at the Old Ashland Armory, Oak St., Ashland. For time and ticket



information, call 503-488-2945.

## Music

• **The Britt Festival** continues in Jacksonville. Sept. 3 at 7:30 p.m.: Chet Atkins and Mark O'Connor. Sept. 4 at 7:30 p.m.: Gary Burton and Eddie Daniels with a tribute to Benny Goodman, plus a performance by Wayne Krantz. Sept. 5 at 7:30 p.m.: Bela Fleck and the Flecktones and Michael Hedges. For tickets, call 503-773-6077, or 1-800-882-7488

• **Rossini's "The Barber of Seville."** Sept. 16-18. All performances at 8 p.m. at the Southern Oregon State College Music Hall, Ashland. Tickets cost \$20, and are available at the Britt ticket office in the Medford Center, the Britt Pavilion (performance days only), and the Rogue Opera office in the SOSOC Music Building. For more information and credit-card reservations, call the Rogue Opera Guild at 503-552-6400 or 772-2819.

## Exhibits

• **The Schneider Museum of Art** presents selections from its permanent collection through Sept. 3. **Ritual Spirits: The Art of New Guinea** opens in September and runs through Nov. 5. Hours are 11-5 Tuesday through Friday and 1-5 Saturday. Siskiyou Blvd. and Indiana St., Ashland. 503-552-6245

• **Wys Khawala Nelson:** Mixed-media painting and collage. Opens Sept. 2, with a reception on Sept. 10 at 5 p.m. Hours are 10-6 Monday through Sunday. 4th Street Garden Gallery & Cafe, 265 4th St., Ashland. 503-488-6263.

• **Marie Baxter:** Copper painting. **Judy Howard:** Sculpture and painting. Through Sept. 3. Hanson Howard Gallery, 82 N. Main St., Ashland. 503-488-2562.

• **Christopher Burkett and Christian Burchard:** Cibachrome photographs and turned-wood vessels. Through Sept. 8. Rogue Gallery, 40 S. Bartlett St., Medford. 503-772-8118.

## Other events

• **New life-drawing series.** Ten-week session from Sept. 14 to Nov. 19. Rogue Gallery, 40 S. Bartlett St., Medford. 503-772-8118.

• **Starry, Starry Night Auction and Art Event.** Presented by the Rogue

Gallery and the Rogue Valley Health Foundation. Sept. 25 at the Red Lion Inn in Medford. For tickets and other information, call the Rogue Gallery at 503-772-8118.

## Umpqua Valley

### Exhibits

• **Marie Rasmussen:** Mixed media. **Carol Young:** Sculpture. Hallie Brown Ford Gallery, Umpqua Valley Arts Center, 1624 West Harvard Blvd., Roseburg. 503-672-2532.

### Other events

• **Carl Hall,** painting instructor emeritus, and **Robert Hess,** a sculptor and instructor at Willamette University will be visiting from Salem from Sept. 20 through Oct. 29. Fine and Performing Arts Dept., Umpqua Community College, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

• **Umpqua Valley Wine, Art, and Jazz Festival.** Sept. 10-12. For locations, contact the Visitors and Convention Bureau, P.O. Box 1262, Roseburg. 503-672-9731 or 672-2648.

## Coast

### Theater

• **Move Over Mrs. Markham.** Through Sept. 11 at the Curry County Fairgrounds, Gold Beach. For more information, call 503-484-7052.

• **Show Boat.** Presented by the Bandon Playhouse. Through Sept. 4 at 8 p.m. at the Ocean Crest School auditorium, 10th St. & Allegany Ave., Bandon. For tickets, call 503-347-9881.

### Music

• **Trio Della Rosa** features new Brookings resident Kristina Lee Anderson (violin), Ava Soifer (piano), and Daniel Reiter (cello). Sept. 19 at 3 p.m. For more information, contact the the Redwood Theatre, 621 Chetco Ave., Brookings. 503-469-5775.

### Other Events

• **Festival of Quilts.** Home-crafted and commercial patchwork quilts. Sept. 17-19, Docia Sweet Hall, Curry County Fairgrounds, 950 S. Ellensburg, Gold Beach. For more information, call the

Gold Beach Chamber of Commerce at 1-800-525-2334.

• **Bandon Cranberry Festival.** Sept. 30-Oct. 3. For more information, call the Bandon Chamber of Commerce.

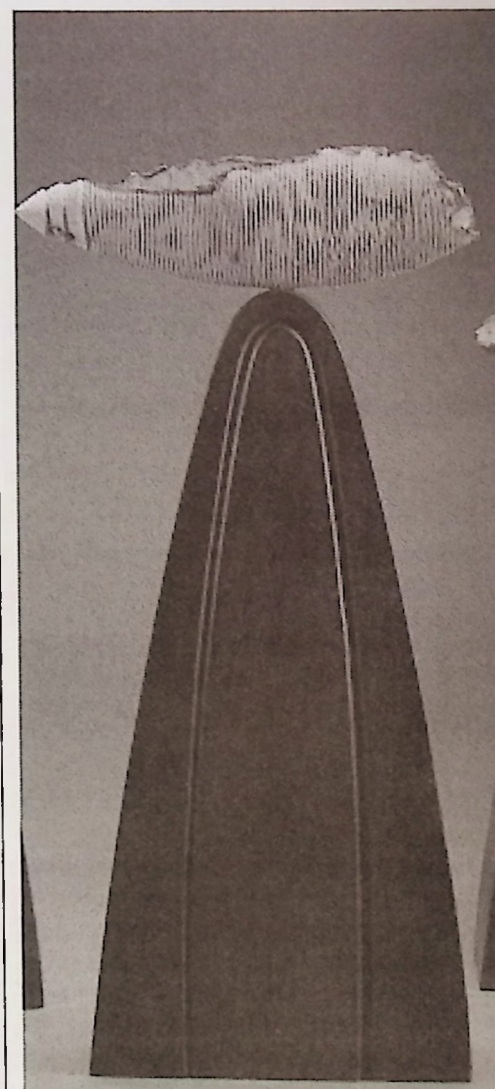
## Northern California

### Exhibits

• **Gwen Stone:** Paintings and other works. Sept. 4-30, with reception on Sept. 4 at 6 p.m. Brown Trout Gallery, 5841 Sacramento Ave., Dunsmuir. 916-235-0754.

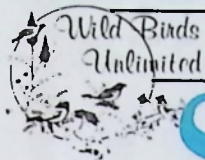
### Other events

• **North Country Fair.** Featuring artisans, craftspeople, and performance artists. Sept. 18-19 from 10 to 6 on the Arcata Plaza. For more information, call the Same Old People at 707-822-5320 or



**Turned-wood vessel by Christopher Burchard, at the Rogue Gallery.**





**NEW FROM** Wild Birds Unlimited

# SEED TUBE

## 5 YEAR GUARANTEE

We are pleased to offer the Wild Birds Unlimited® SEED TUBE, a feeder designed by bird feeding specialists to be the best tube feeder available for the birds and the hobbyist.

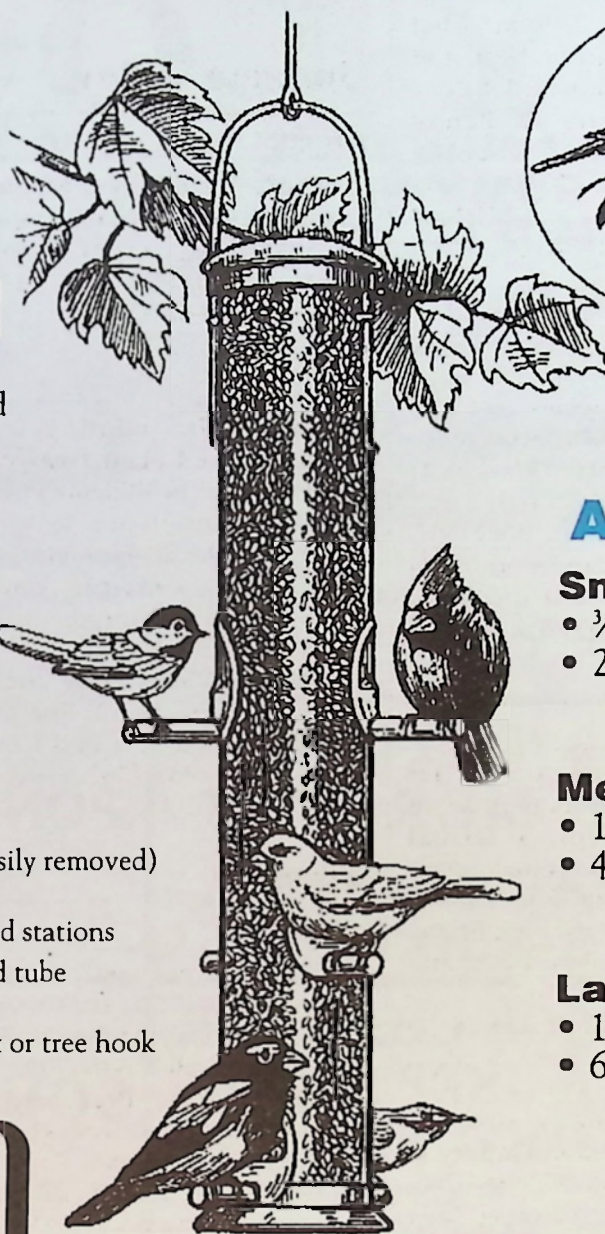
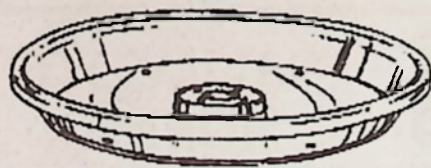
Our 5-Year Guarantee means that we have confidence that our tubes can handle squirrel assaults and harsh weather. These tubes will feed thousands of birds over many years.

### OUR TUBES ARE:

- Easy to Assemble
- Easy to Clean (removable bottom, perches easily removed)
- Durable  
Heavy cast metal top, bottom, perches and feed stations  
Unbreakable and weather resistant plastic seed tube
- Easy to Hang or Post Mount  
Hang from a shepherd crook pole, deck mount or tree hook  
Mount on an Aspect® Pole or our iron poles

### SEED TRAY ALSO AVAILABLE!

**\$6<sup>00</sup>**



## 3 Models Available:

### Small

- $\frac{3}{4}$  Quart
- 2 Perches

**\$17<sup>95</sup>**

### Medium

- $1\frac{1}{4}$  Quart
- 4 Perches

**\$22<sup>95</sup>**

### Large

- $1\frac{3}{4}$  Quart
- 6 Perches

**\$29<sup>95</sup>**

## 5 YEAR GUARANTEE

Wild Birds Unlimited Seed Tube Feeders are guaranteed for a period of five years from the date of purchase.

During the Guarantee period we will replace or repair any defective or damaged parts or the feeder at no charge.

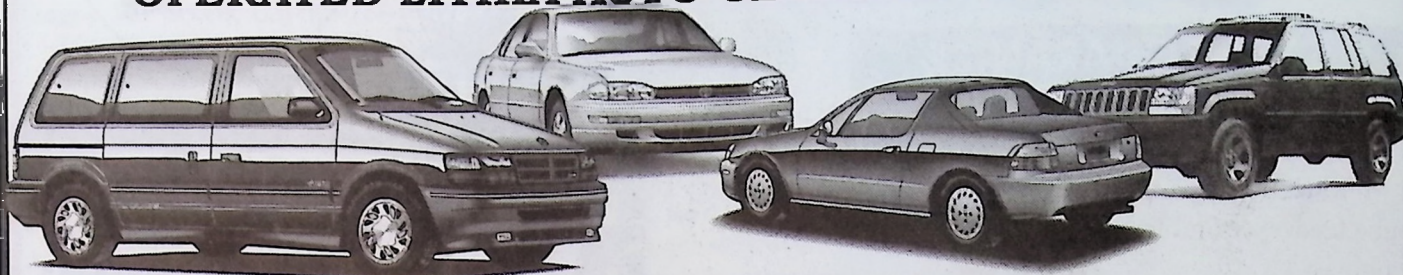
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